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SIXPENCE.
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HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY WILLIAM II., GERMAN EMPEROR, IN THE COSTUME HE HAS ADOPTED FOR HIS TOUR IN PALESTINE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Writing in Paris, I am reminded of a Sunday night in September nine years ago, when a crowd, waiting outside the newspaper offices for the electoral returns which crushed Boulangerism, excited uneasiness in the bosom of authority. I had gone out innocently to take the air, when I found myself between a troop of cavalry and a cordon of gendarmes, and had to seek refuge in a café, where I passed two hours lavishing my spare cash on *consommations* for the good-of-the-house. I had finished my tenth cup of coffee and my fifteenth liqueur before the bosom of authority (quite needlessly agitated) recovered its normal quiescence, and permitted me to return to my hotel with a confused notion that I had been privy to a *coup d'état*. To-day, after reading numerous journals which are full of a supposed military plot to overturn everything civil, I have been wandering along the boulevards, apprehensive of the usual signs that the authoritative breast is upset, and that the civil conscience, in terror of the sabre, is driven to excess in coffee and liqueurs. But no! Cavalry and gendarmes are invisible. Citizens are taking their customary refreshment without any symptoms of hysteria. I pass a group of officers who are chatting placidly and regarding the civilian crowd without malignity. I resist the temptation to try their mettle by humming that disrespectful song of Offenbach's—

Voici le sabre, le sabre, le sabre,
Voici le sabre, le sabre de mon père.

The paternal blade is slumbering in its scabbard, and Paris is gossiping with her wonted equanimity.

The most piquant gossip of the moment affects the Faubourg St. Germain. It is gravely asserted that charitable Duchesses have agreed to throw open their salons to the public at five francs a head. For that trifling sum anybody with an irreproachable visiting-card may enter the drawing-room of the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld and see the great lady in the act of taking tea. She does not want your money for her own personal use; she intends to give it to the poor. The footman, who admits you with that air of protest which Jeames assumes to perfection when he lends himself to aristocratic eccentricities that compromise his dignity, will murmur "Pour les pauvres" as he offers you a chair. Should the Duchess smile or gracefully incline her head, Jeames will repeat the incantation. I don't know whether the sum you have paid at the door will include a cup of tea; but if the Duchess should pour it out for you with her own august hand, the magnificent flunkey will give rhetorical point to this superlative condescension by declaiming "Pour les pauvres!" in the accent of a toastmaster. It will be a great satisfaction to Britannic visitors to translate this into English, as thus—"Gentlemen who have paid five francs for admission, pray charge your teacups. The toast is, 'The welfare of the poor, the beauty of charity, and the exquisite affability of Madame la Duchesse de Rochefoucauld! Hip, hip, hurrah!'"

It is possible that this representative of the French noblesse will deign to enter into conversation after Jeames has whispered in your ear, "For another five francs, Monsieur, Madame la Duchesse will talk. Pour les pauvres!" Then you may enjoy a colloquy in this style—

MADAME. Enchanted, Monsieur, to meet an Englishman who gives his money to the noble cause of charity. But you English are so generous! Wherever there are devastations, inundations, conflagrations, how your *Lor Maire* hastens to scatter bounty on the roofless! Vive l'Angleterre!

THE VISITOR. But, Madame, your kindness, so gracious! What can compare with that? Your smile, your cup of tea, your words which drop like pearls! Vive la République!

MADAME. Monsieur!

THE VISITOR. Pardon, Madame! I forgot that the Republic is a usurpation. Vive la France!

MADAME. Monsieur!!

JEAMES (in a loud whisper). C'est l'armée qu'il nous faut! Pour les pauvres!

THE VISITOR. Pardon, a thousand times! Vive l'Armée!

MADAME. Ah, Monsieur! Your heart so tender, your spirit so lucid, must see how the union of religion and the French army alone can make the happiness of our country.

THE VISITOR (thoughtfully). "But single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints."

MADAME. How?

THE VISITOR. A quotation, Madame, from an English poet who has sung the devotion of the life military to the ideal religious.

MADAME. Tell me his name. I love the poets of all countries.

THE VISITOR. His name is Kipling, and you will find the sentiment in "The Barrack-Room Ballads."

MADAME (making a note with a jewelled pencil). Keeping! What a name of gold! It will be—what you call in English—my keepsake of you! Les Cantiques de la Caserne! How spiritual! Au revoir, Monsieur!

JEAMES (at the door). Cinq francs de plus.

THE VISITOR. But it is too strong!

JEAMES. Mais, Monsieur, c'est pour l'au revoir! Oh, yes! Pour les pauvres!

This strange tale from the Faubourg St. Germain is quaintly coincident with the report that an Anti-Scandal League has been formed in London. When a member of this virtuous corporation hears a slander, or what he supposes to be such, he is to take the culprit gently in hand, and persuade him to join the League. Heaven forbid that so excellent an enterprise should be discouraged; but an agitation for the suppression of tittle-tattle must excite scepticism; like the Czar's proposal for the reduction of armaments. It is so difficult to make the average mind understand that ideals are within our grasp if we will only stretch out a resolute hand. In Sheridan's comedy nothing is so unconvincing as Lady Teazle's surrender of her professorship in that university of scandal which is directed by Mrs. Candour with so much academic dignity. No tongue was so apt as Lady Teazle's at innuendo. It was she who said that a certain lady's colour came and went because her maid could fetch and carry it. But merely because she is reconciled with Sir Peter (an obviously insufficient reason), Lady Teazle announces that she will talk scandal no more—a resolution which is always applauded in the theatre as if the audience thoroughly believed in it, though every man and woman of them, if cross-examined on the point, would say, "Yes, we cherish the sentiment, but of course we know she could never forego the satisfaction of a slight dash of malice in chattering about her neighbours."

Ah! that slight dash of malice, the salt of so much small-talk! What substitute does the Anti-Scandal League offer to the palate of a froward generation? Will the total abstainer from injurious gossip rejoice in some harmless imitation of the original article, as the teetotaler rejoices in non-intoxicating beverages? When the ginger of insinuation is not hot in the mouth, will the ginger ale of innocuous badinage be found as stimulating? The Anti-Scandal League had better give a demonstration of this new virtue, and admit sceptics to a conversation at five shillings a head. The chief obstacle to the movement seems to lie in a definition of scandal. What sort of story about your neighbours is scandalous, and what belongs to the legitimate province of entertaining news? I will take as a test case a French anecdote which I have heard on the best authority within the last few days. A certain young man, rich and well connected, has long been in search of a wife. In France such an affair is managed by the parents; so this young man's papa and mamma, anxious to add riches to riches, have chosen one well-dowered young woman after another as a fitting mate for their son. Unhappily, when the preliminaries have been arranged, and he has started wooing in person, each lady in turn has manifested vehement repugnance. In one case, the wedding-day was fixed, the contract signed, and the bridegroom-expectant went off cheerfully to perform that religious rite of the French Army which is known as the twenty-eight days of obligatory service for every citizen. When he came back, the girl repulsed him with positive loathing, and, to the stupefaction of both families, refused to marry him.

What does Calverley's schoolboy sing?—

I did not love as others do—

None ever did that I've heard tell of—

My passion was a byword through

The town she was, of course, the belle of.

Well, this luckless Frenchman's passion for a succession of reluctant damsels is a byword through the extensive circle of his acquaintance. He is now nearly thirty years of age, but his undaunted parents have not lost hope of conducting his matrimonial ambition to a triumphant issue, and are quite insensible to ridicule. Will the Anti-Scandal League maintain that such a case is no fit theme for the general mirth? And if so, how is the general tongue to be bridled?

Much may be done by early education. Bishop Creighton says that the only way to educate a child is to interest his mind in his actual surroundings. Instead of teaching him early Saxon history, instruct him in the Constitution by way of the position and duties of the local policeman. Probably he will be eager to relate the current gossip about the gentleman in blue—the gossip which chronicles the tenderness of cooks and the temptations of larders. Then the teacher (being a member of the Anti-Scandal League) will correct this frivolity and fill the child's imagination with the prowess of "the force."

Prince Arthur of Connaught, who has done very well at Eton, is about to go up for his examination at Sandhurst, prior to his entry into the cavalry. The accident which befell the young Prince when he was a child has not interfered with his accomplishment as a rider, and that is why his choice is now for the cavalry rather than the infantry. During the Duke of Connaught's command at Aldershot, the young Prince has been in close contact with military life in nearly all forms; and he will come to the camp with as little strangeness as he will come to the Court.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Balmoral, accompanied by the Empress Frederick, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Adolph of Schaumburg-Lippe, with Lord George Hamilton as Minister in Attendance.

The Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales left Balmoral on Saturday, and arrived in London early next morning; they were visited on Sunday at Marlborough House by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and Princess Louis of Battenberg. His Royal Highness, who has recovered the use of his injured limb, goes to Sandringham, joined by the Princess of Wales and the Duke of York on their return from Denmark.

Mr. St. John Brodrick, M.P., who has been appointed to succeed Mr. G. N. Curzon as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, made a speech at Hawick on Friday. Mr. Asquith, on the same day, spoke at Tayport, and Lord Tweedmouth at St. Helen's; Mr. Asquith made another speech to his constituents at Leven. But the most important political utterance has been that of Lord Rosebery. Speaking on Oct. 12 at Epsom, at a dinner of the Surrey Agricultural Society, he approved and supported in a decisive tone the attitude of Lord Salisbury's Government with regard to the Egyptian dominion of the Upper Nile and Major Marchand's position at Fashoda. He declared that the disposition and conduct of Great Britain had been conciliatory, but there must be no compromise of the principles of international law and right. The references made to this question by Lord Tweedmouth and Mr. Asquith were likewise assuring, on behalf of the Liberal party, as to their support of the Foreign Office in this line of action. The Marquis of Lorne, as a Unionist, has spoken in this sense at Aberdeen. The Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Leonard Courtney have also addressed large audiences on the subject.

Since the Church Congress, the Archbishop of Canterbury has delivered visitation charges to the clergy at Dover, Ashford, and other places in Kent, and at Croydon, dealing chiefly with disputable points of ecclesiastical observance, and appealing to a sentiment of loyalty for obedience to Bishops' directions, instead of resorting to litigation in Church Courts. Several other Bishops have in like manner addressed their respective diocesan clergy. The Archbishop at Canterbury and at Dover entertained the Mayor and Corporation and many inhabitants of those towns with a luncheon and a neighbourly speech. He is preparing a residence in the precincts of Canterbury Cathedral for his occasional occupation.

The London County Council has ratified the purchase of all the lines and plant of the London Tramways Company for £850,000, the lines to be worked by the Council, instead of being again leased to the company for working, as was done with the North Metropolitan Tramways. The Council has decided to refer the subject of the late tramway strike to arbitration.

The National Free Labour Association last week held its conference at Manchester, Mr. J. Chandler presiding, and passed resolutions in favour of industrial freedom, disapproving of the action of Trades Unions in promoting and enforcing strikes; it was also resolved to protest against further extension of Government undertakings to supersede private enterprise in the employment of labour, and to demand the greatest possible freedom for the investment of capital in railways, postal and telephone communications, as well as in manufacturing and carrying industries. "The growing tyranny of School Boards" was denounced with alarm.

The Northampton magistrates have committed for trial at the assizes a man named Tomlinson, accused of maliciously placing obstructions on the London and North-Western and the Midland Railway lines, in the neighbourhoods of Northampton, Bedford, and elsewhere, in the second week of September.

The completion of the deep-water quays of Southampton Docks was celebrated on Oct. 12 by the ceremonial laying of a coping-stone, with a suitable inscribed record, Mr. Wyndham Portal, Chairman of the London and South-Western Railway, being accompanied by Mr. W. W. Beach, Provincial Grand Master of the Hampshire Freemasons, who performed the significant act with full Masonic solemnities and symbolic rites. It was the sixtieth anniversary of the commencement of dock construction at Southampton, at which time only one steamer and one mail-bag used to leave that port; whereas now the aggregate tonnage of ships entering and quitting it amounts yearly to 7,116,000, and three or four thousand mail-bags are put on board there every week.

In a debate last week at the London School Board, on the report of the Committee upon School Accommodation and Attendance, it was shown by Mr. Macnamara that of 754,000 children enrolled in the London elementary schools, Board and Voluntary, there were 145,000—nearly one in five—who absented themselves from school; and it was thought about 100,000 of them did not attend school at all. Yet the London School Board spent nearly £50,000 in enforcing school attendance.

It has been discovered that there was a plot of the Anarchists at Alexandria to kill the German Emperor either in Egypt, if he had gone there, or in Palestine by means of dynamite bombs containing bullets. An Italian café in the Moharren Bey quarter of Alexandria was their place of meeting. Several of those deadly implements were found there, and fifteen of the conspirators, all Italians, were arrested by the police last week. One was a waiter who had got a place in a hotel at Jaffa or at Jerusalem, and was about to take with him, by the steam-boat, a box containing the bombs.

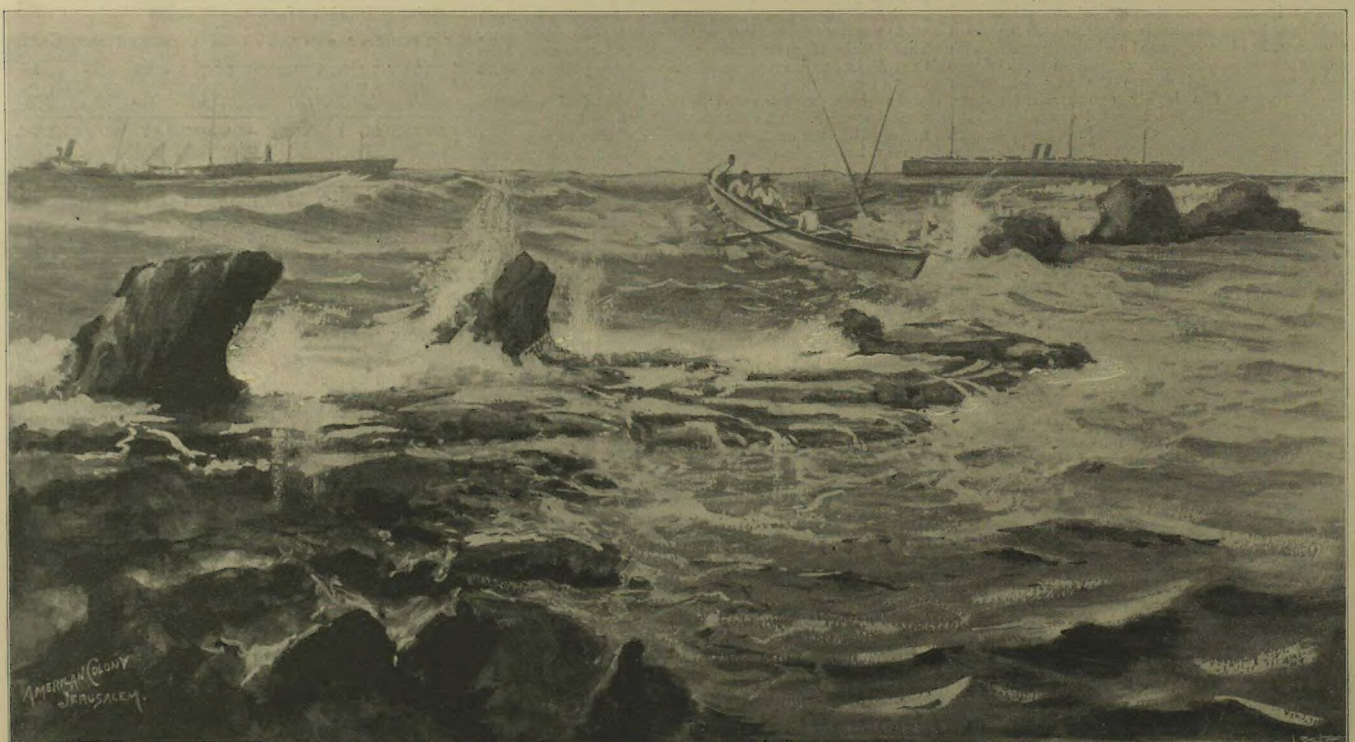
Paris was somewhat alarmed, for a day or two last week, by a rumour of a military conspiracy, in which two Generals were named as being implicated, to overthrow the Republican Government. This rumour seems to have been unfounded; but it induced General Chanoine, the Minister of War, and the Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, on Friday and Saturday, to order measures of strict vigilance and precaution. The strife of factions over the Dreyfus case, and the consequent official and

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE.

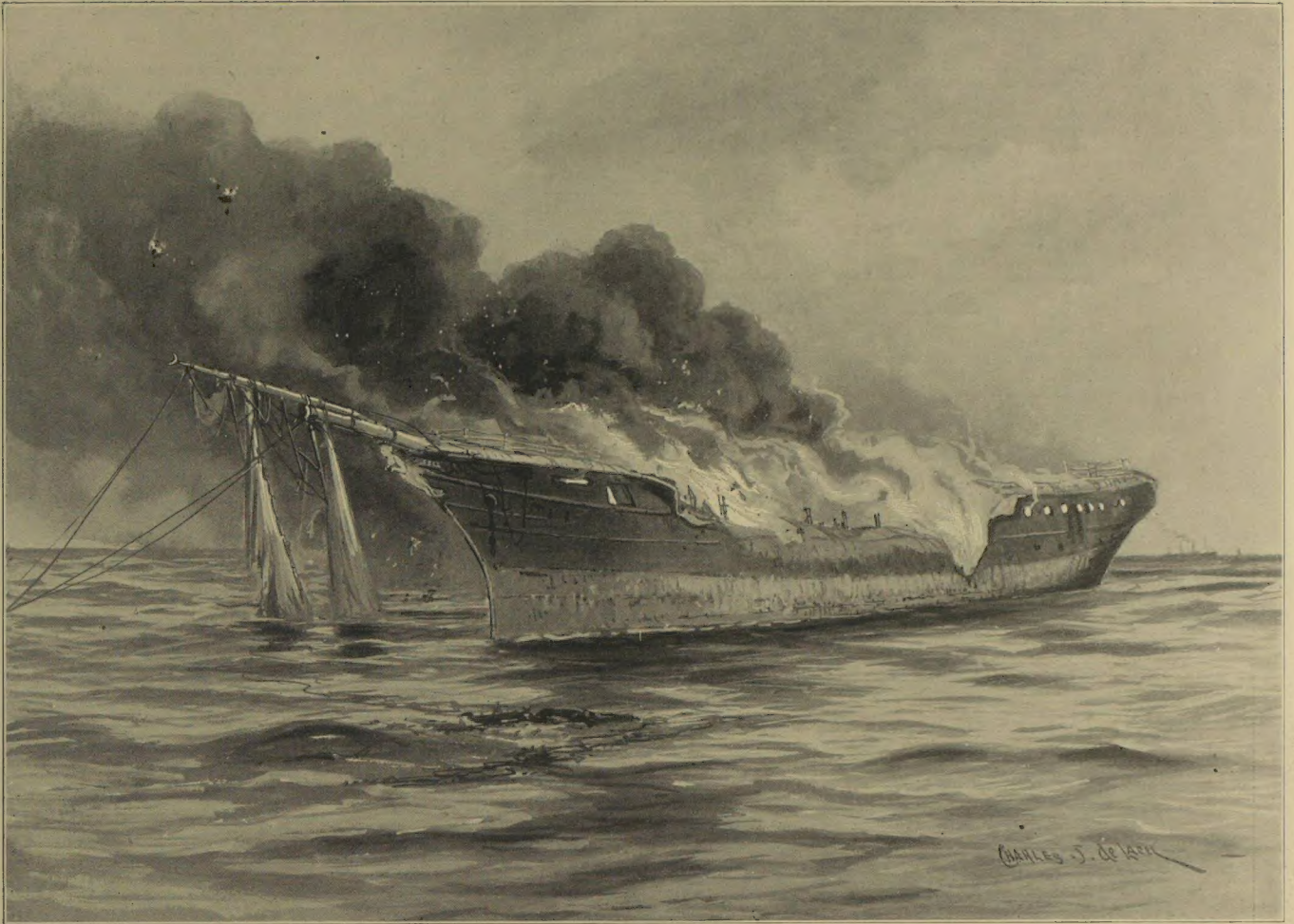


TURKISH CAVALRY OF THE ERTHOGRUL REGIMENT, A SQUADRON OF WHICH IS TO ACCOMPANY THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

From a Photograph by Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.



LANDING AT JAFFA THROUGH THE ROCKS.



THE BURNING OF THE BARQUE "BLENGFELL" OFF MARGATE.

From a Sketch by Mr. Collingwood Ingram.



"BROTHER OFFICERS," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE: THE TERRACE SCENE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S TOUR.

The German Emperor William II., with the Empress, arrived at Venice on Thursday, Oct. 13, about one o'clock in the afternoon, when they were received at the railway station by King Humbert of Italy and the Queen, from Monza. After being entertained with luncheon at the royal palace, the Emperor and Empress embarked on board the Imperial steam-yacht *Hohenzollern*, which sailed for Constantinople at four o'clock, escorted by two German war-ships. A strong gale from the south made it advisable for the imperial voyagers to stop at Zante for some hours on Saturday night. They sailed again at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, and reached the Dardanelles on Monday, a few minutes to four in the afternoon. The appearance of the *Hohenzollern*, with the *Hertha* and *Hela*, off Kum Kale, was hailed with a salute of guns fired by the Turkish forts. The Sultan's yacht *Izedin*, conveying Said Pasha and Tewfik Pasha, his Ministers of State, with the Turkish Ambassador to Germany, came to meet the German Emperor; also the *Lorelei*, with Baron Marshall von Bieberstein, German Ambassador at Constantinople, on board her. The Turkish Ministers went on board the *Hohenzollern*, and in the Sultan's name bade

memorial service in Crathie Church. At Sandringham there was a service, at which the Duchess of York was present. The funeral in Denmark, at the ancient Cathedral of Roskilde, was attended by King Christian, the Crown Prince, Prince Waldemar, and others of the Danish royal family, the Czar and the Dowager Empress of Russia, King Oscar of Sweden, the King of Greece, with the Duke of Sparta, the Duke of Cumberland, the Princess of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Cambridge, representing our Queen, an Austrian Archduke, Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, and several German Princes, with Admiral Gervais as representative of France, and with the Crown Prince of Siam.

RAILWAY DISASTER AT WRAWBY.

On Monday afternoon, towards half-past five, a railway accident by which eight lives were lost took place in Lincolnshire, at Wrawby Junction, on the Great Central line, near Brigg. The passenger train from Cleethorpes and Great Grimsby to Manchester encountered some trucks of a goods train standing on the adjacent line. Eleven of the passenger carriages had their roofs knocked off and smashed; seven persons were instantly killed, one died soon afterwards, and eight or ten were severely injured. It was at first believed that the accident was due to the

a craft as you could wish to see," the next she had her after-part blown clean away, and lay on the water a flaming hulk. All those who were aft perished instantly. The captain's wife and child were in bed when fate overtook them. Of those who perished no trace remained. It is suggested that vapour from the naphtha reached the galley fires, and so caused the explosion.

THE SITUATION AT FASHODA.

The reply of the French Government to Lord Salisbury's remonstrances concerning the presence of Major Marchand under the French flag at Fashoda is still delayed. It is awaiting Major Marchand's report, which Captain Baratier is bringing from the Soudan to Paris. The tone of the French Press grows more noisily uncompromising, several Paris papers declaring that any sacrifice is better than that France should haul down her flag. In French diplomatic circles it is stated that the desire is "to argue the question on the ground of international right and justice." Whether "argument" enters into a matter which is regarded as a "negotiation" only from the French point of view, remains an unanswered question. In the meantime great activity prevails at Toulon, from which certain Gallic newspapers sagely predict that we must be prepared for



SCENE OF THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT WRAWBY.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. WILLIS EADON.

The accident took place opposite the pile of timber shown in our illustration at the side of the permanent way. The timber is part of the actual truck-load which fell over upon the track right in the way of the express, and caused the disaster. Our sketch was taken after the line had been cleared, and while the burning of debris was going forward.

his Majesty welcome. His arrival was announced by telegraph to the Sultan at the palace of Dolma Bagtché, who telegraphed a cordial greeting. On Tuesday morning, the gale having abated, the *Hohenzollern* arrived in the Bosphorus, and the Emperor and Empress landed at Dolma Bagtché, where they were received by Sultan Abdul Hamid with sumptuous Oriental hospitality. Their Majesties lunched that day at the German Embassy, and received an address from the German residents at Constantinople. Our illustrations show the Emperor on horseback in his travelling-costume, also horsemen of the Turkish Regiment Erthogroul, a squadron of which is to accompany his Imperial Majesty on his tour. On another page will be found interesting views of the Holy Land.

THE LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

On Saturday, Oct. 15, at the hour of the funeral of the late Queen of Denmark at Roskilde, a special service was performed—partly in Danish—at the German Chapel Royal in St. James's Palace. The service was attended by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with her two daughters, Princess Victoria and Princess Aribert of Anhalt, representing Queen Victoria, and by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Duchess of Albany, with appointed representatives of the Prince of Wales and of the other members of the royal family. Lord Salisbury and the Foreign Ambassadors were also present. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Empress Frederick, and other members of the royal family in Scotland, attended a

careless loading of timber on the goods train, and that the passenger train had fouled upon projecting tree-trunks, but it was subsequently shown that the trucks had been properly enough loaded, and that the accident was due to the goods trucks having left the metals, thus blocking the line. A wagon toppled over and fell upon the main line right in the path of the express. A curious feature of the accident was that the permanent way was nowise damaged.

"BROTHER OFFICERS," AT THE GARRICK.

The Garrick Theatre reopened on Oct. 20 with a new play called "Brother Officers," written by Leo Trevor. The cast numbers some excellent players, including Miss Violet Vanbrugh. "Mr. James Erskine" also has a part in the piece, which we shall notice at greater length next week.

THE LOSS OF THE "BLENGFELL."

Further particulars are to hand regarding the explosion on board the *Blengfell*, bringing a cargo of naphtha from New York to London, on Monday, at seven o'clock in the morning, off the North Foreland, within sight of Margate. The vessel was blown to pieces; nine persons—the captain, his wife and child, the mates, the Dover pilot, two apprentices, and a seaman—were killed at once; but twelve or thirteen of those on board escaped, and were taken up by life-boats and by a steam-tug. The explosion took place without warning. One moment the fine barque was, as an onlooker said, "all right, as trim

"grave events." War stores and provisions for six months, also a full stock of coal, have been put aboard the vessels *Bouvines*, *Jenappes*, *Valmy*, and *Amiral Tréhouart*. The arrival of Captain Baratier with Major Marchand's report was expected at Cairo on Wednesday. The Major's report may possibly be accompanied by his journal, which is expected to throw light upon the object of the march. This will be particularly interesting in view of the map published by the French Africa Committee, which was held to show that Fashoda had been Marchand's goal from the outset.

It is interesting to note from the words of a correspondent, which we print beneath one of our most important illustrations, the eminently unilitary appearance of Major Marchand and his companions. There was nothing whatever to suggest an armed expedition. Indeed, the Major seemed entirely to answer to the description in Lord Salisbury's notable reply to the French Foreign Office, when the Premier stated that the British Government could not refuse to transmit a message to "a French explorer in a difficult position on the Nile."

Our illustrations of the situation at Fashoda are taken from sketches by an officer on board the *Sultan*. The picture entitled "The First Communication with Fashoda" shows the commander of the *Sultan* pointing out the *Dal*, the Sirdar's boat, to the envoy from Major Marchand, who is seen standing in the stern of a large steel section-boat manned by twenty-four oarsmen. The foremost of the distant boats is the *Dal*, the next the *Abu Klea*, with two "gyassas." The other pictures explain themselves.

PERSONAL.

The Duke of Connaught at Yester, as the guest of Lord and Lady Tweeddale, has been killing partridges and reviving old memories. He had not visited Yester since 1876, when he was marching with a troop of Hussars from York to Edinburgh, and made a halt at the delightful spot, amid woods of oak and beech, where the house was built early in the last century and remodelled early in this. Whittinghame, the home of the Balfours, is near at hand, and Mr. Balfour twice dined with Lord and Lady Tweeddale during the Duke of Connaught's visit. Once, too, the Duchess drove to Whittinghame to afternoon-tea within sight of the ancient tower where Darnley's murder was planned.

Mr. Schreiner, the new Prime Minister of Cape Colony, has two things to keep him on his mettle—a very narrow

Parliamentary majority and opponents of considerable determination. Those are heroic conditions for shaping a great policy; but there does not seem to be much room for expansion in the programme of Mr. Schreiner. He has begun his term of power by a denunciation of Mr. Rhodes's alleged electoral appeal to race-hatred—a denunciation which moved Mr. Rhodes only to the point of a few encouraging exclamations of

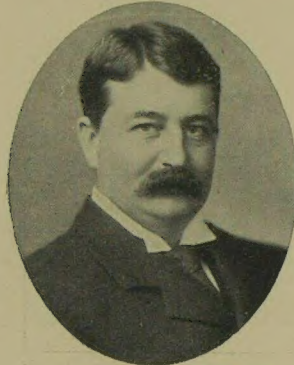


Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE HON. W. D. SCHREINER,
The New Cape Premier.

"Go on, go on!" Mr. Schreiner, who is a son of a Lutheran clergyman in Cape Town and a brother of Miss Olive Schreiner, made a longish stay in London during the sittings of the Parliamentary Commission on the Chartered Company, where the passages of arms between himself and Mr. Chamberlain among others will be easily recalled. Mr. Schreiner unites in his temperament all that is most sturdy and determined in the English character and the Dutch.

An "Occasional Examiner" contributes a suggestive article to the *Morning Post* on the subject of Public School Reform. The writer practically holds a brief for the boy who is not a prize-winner, whom he calls the "dullest and most ignorant creature under the sun," who "knows literally nothing." Under the present system, bright boys are well enough looked after, but the less gifted are left in a state of "Arcadian ignorance." "Occasional Examiner" pleads for a system of instruction which shall not select a few for honour, but shall secure that all shall have learned something thoroughly. The failure of our public schools to instruct has, he points out, caused the crammer to be regarded as a necessity. He is no necessity, but a makeshift, yet a makeshift that must be put up with until the serious business of our public schools is not outdoor sports, but teaching and learning. He would not decry athletics; but pluck and endurance alone, he says, will no longer win our battles, nor routine guide our argosies to port. The remedy, therefore, would seem to lie in the striking of a correct balance between sports and study. It is doubtful, however, whether even thus the crammer and his works would be altogether avoided, as "Occasional Examiner" suggests that one solution of the difficulty would be to transfer some distinguished crammer's staff body-bulk to Eton. This would be simply to make the place a cram-shop, a last state worse surely than the first. At that her Henry's holy shade might be expected to walk uneasy.

On Oct. 13 the Marquis of Anglesey died at Plas Newydd, Anglesey, after a long illness. Henry Paget, fourth Marquis of Anglesey, was born in 1835. He was a keen sportsman, and took a great interest in hunting and yachting. He kept and partly owned a pack of harriers in Anglesey, and was for several years Commodore of the Royal Welsh Yacht Club. He was honorary Colonel of the Staffordshire Yeomanry Cavalry and of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and at one time commanded the Liverpool Brigade of the Royal Naval

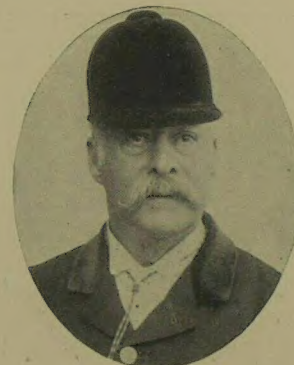


Photo Wilson, Bangor.
THE LATE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.

Artillery Volunteers. He was Vice-Admiral of the Coast of North Wales and Carmarthenshire. Lord Anglesey was three times married. He is succeeded by his son, the Earl of Uxbridge, who is twenty-three years of age.

A thoroughly representative committee has been formed to carry out the erection of the projected memorial to the late Sir George Grey, whose work, if any man's, called for fitting commemoration in the Metropolis of the Empire he did so much to extend. On the committee are Mr. Chamberlain, the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Selborne, Earl Grey, Lord Rosebery, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, Lord Onslow, Lord Strathcona, and other noblemen and gentlemen who have closely identified themselves with Imperial and Colonial politics.

There is only one Sirdar in the public mind now, and Sir Herbert Kitchener is his name. But Major-General



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FRANCIS GRENFELL.

Egypt, has had the satisfaction of receiving the Sirdar's reports, and of handing them on to the Home Government. He was born fifty-seven years ago, and he married in 1887, Miss Evelyn Wood, the daughter of General Robert Wood, C.B. His military career began in the 60th Rifles, in 1869; and he served in the Kaffir War of 1878, in the Zulu War of 1879, in the Transvaal in 1881, in the Egyptian Expedition of 1882, and the Nile Expedition of 1884. He had his knighthood in 1886, and as Sirdar he commanded the forces at Suakim in 1889, and was appointed Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces, War Office, in 1894.

Lord Morris has been put into mourning by the death of his sister, Mrs. Courtenay, a leader of Society in Dublin.

The death of Blanche Willis Howard removes a writer of many stories which have amused an immense circle of

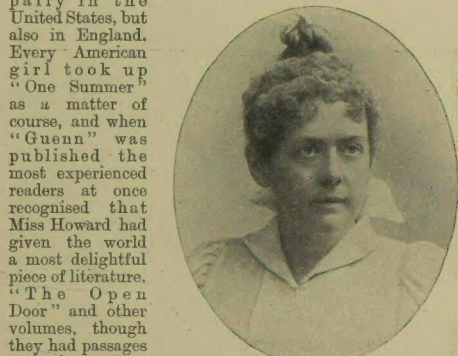


Photo Stehr and Co., Stuttgart.
THE LATE BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

readers, principally in the United States, but also in England. Every American girl took up "One Summer" as a matter of course, and when "Guenn" was published the most experienced readers at once recognised that Miss Howard had given the world a most delightful piece of literature. "The Open Door" and other volumes, though they had passages of great talent, failed as a whole to attain a place beside that charming and poignant study of a Breton fishergirl's life disastrously complicated by the influence upon it of an English artist and egotist. Miss Howard, who left her native America when she was young, settled finally in Germany, where she became the wife of Dr. von Teuffel, and where she has died, after some years of widowhood, but still in the flower of her middle-age.

Errors of reporting grow fewer year by year, and soon they will be an extinct species. Lord Russell of Killowen, however, experienced a minor misfortune of the sort the other day, when he was made to say that Ireland ought to have a "first place" in the United Kingdom. Lord Russell never boasts—he will leave Englishmen to pay that tribute to his country, if it is to be paid at all; and he is therefore anxious that the passage should be read as it was spoken, with "just pride" instead of "first place."

The French Press is making capital out of the fact that during the past three weeks, despite the current jibes



Photo Pauli, Copenhagen.
COUNT MURAVIEFF,
Russian Foreign Minister.

that the Franco-Russian Alliance is not giving all the satisfaction that it might, the French Government has received visits from M. Witte, General Kuropatkin, and Count Muravieff. The Count arrived in Paris on Oct. 16, and called on the French Foreign Minister, who returned his call later in the afternoon. On Monday afternoon President Faure received Count Muravieff, whom he entertained at dinner on Wednesday. On Monday evening the Russian Foreign Minister was entertained by M. Delcassé. Among the guests were Sir E. Monson, British Ambassador; all the French Ministers; the German, Italian, and Spanish Ambassadors; also the Apostolic Nuncio. On Thursday Count Muravieff left for

Livadia. After seeing the Emperor, he will return to St. Petersburg.

The Law Courts open next week, and, if rumour be correct, a long and heavy list of cases is in waiting. On Monday the majority of Judges will attend morning service in Westminster Abbey, while others, the Lord Chief Justice being one of them, will hear Mass at the Church of SS. Anselm and Cecilia, Lincoln's Inn Fields, in their official robes this year for the first time.

The sum of £10,000 is asked, in the name of the late Duchess of Teck, as an endowment for a Home of Rest for London workwomen, which a London merchant is now building at Bognor. This is to be her memorial, and the names of her private friends and of her public admirers will be joined on the subscription-list, which is already of goodly proportions. The Duchess of York will probably open the new building in the spring.

The Right Hon. William St. John Fremantle Brodrick has gone from the War Office to the Foreign Office

as the successor there of the new Viceroy of India. The eldest son of the eighth Viscount Middleton, he was born in 1856; was educated at Eton and at Balliol College, Oxford; and married, at the age of twenty-four, Hilda, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss. He went into Parliament for West Surrey at the same age, and since 1885 has sat for the Guildford Division of Surrey. The oratorical and other qualifications which made him remarkable at Oxford, where he was the President of the Union, soon attracted attention to him in the House of Commons, and in 1886 he was appointed Financial Secretary to the War Office. Six years' experience of administration in this department was Mr. St. John Brodrick's excellent preparation for his elevation to the Under-Secretaryship of State for War; and now in his new sphere at the Foreign Office he will find the War Office apprenticeship of peculiar value to him. He has pleasant and straightforward and emphatic manners, and in appearance he is younger even than his years.

Mr. W. W. Astor described last spring a Californian redwood tree of gigantic girth. A slice out of it, he said to General Owen Williams, would make a table at which twenty-six people could sit down. The General smiled indulgently on this tall talk, as he thought it, and in the end, £500 was staked on the accuracy of the dimensions. The enormous slice of wood reached Clevedon the other day, was unpacked with eager interest, was measured, and was found to be 81 ft. in circumference. That meant a space of over three feet for each diner—ample for Mr. Balfour certain, and not a great crush for Sir William Harcourt even. The dinner of twenty-six was given in the open air, the Duchess of Abercorn being seated at the right hand of the host and Lady Randolph Churchill being among the guests. The Public Prosecutor was also there, no doubt to see that there was no infringing of the Gaming Laws. Of course General Sir Owen Williams was a guest at the dinner as well as its cause, and the moral of the story is that American tales are to be received henceforth with credulity.

Mr. John R. Findlay, whose death occurred at Aberlour House, on his country estate, last Sunday, had been connected with the *Scotsman* since 1842. After serving for a time in the commercial department of that journal, he took charge of the book-reviewing, a less onerous task in those far-away days than this work has now become. Mr. Findlay became a partner in the business of the great Scotch paper in 1868, and though for years past he had taken no active part in its control, the policy of the *Scotsman* was nevertheless in great measure shaped by his strong Unionist principles. As assistant to Mr. Charles Maclaren and Mr. Alexander Russel, Mr. Findlay possessed a rich store of reminiscences of these distinguished editors, as well as of his friends De Quincey, Dr. Hill Burton, and Dr. John Brown. Twelve years ago he published a small volume of "Personal Recollections" of De Quincey, with whom he had frequent intercourse during the last seven years of the brilliant writer's life, and he wrote the De Quincey article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." To Mr. Findlay's munificence Edinburgh is indebted for its National Portrait Gallery, in the erection and equipment of which he expended upwards of £70,000. In 1896 he characteristically refused—for he always disliked publicity—a title that was offered him. Mr. Findlay had attained the age of seventy-four.

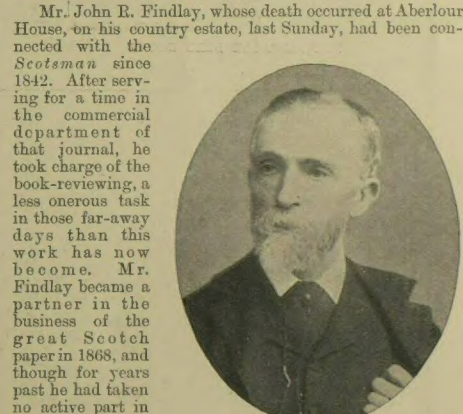


Photo Moffat, Edinburgh.
THE LATE MR. JOHN R. FINDLAY.

THE WRECK OF THE "MOHEGAN."

Captain Griffith, of the *Mohegan*, who went down with his ill-fated vessel, was an officer of long experience and an excellent navigator. So good, indeed, was his seamanship, and so high an opinion did his owners hold of him, that this



Photo Bouteick, New York.

THE LATE LLEWELYN COUCH, CHIEF OFFICER.

mysterious disaster is only the more inexplicable. He had been ten years in the company's employment, which he entered as second mate. He had crossed the Atlantic many times, and was described as "an ideal commander." The captain's courage and coolness in extremity was



Photo Hargrave, New York.

THE LATE CAPTAIN GRIFFITH.

equalled by that of Chief-Officer Couch, to whose presence of mind the saving of many lives is due. In the first moment of panic his cry of "Now, boys, keep cool and get the ladies and children off first," acted magically towards the restoration of order, and had the vessel not settled down so quickly, it is probable that all would have got safely to the boats. Mr. Couch was the son of Dr. James Couch, of Swansea. The second officer, Mr. Ernest Cole, was thirty-one years of age, and had been in the company's service five years. He was married only eleven months ago. The Manacle Rocks have always been of ill-omen to seamen. Among traders there was an

old-time saying, "Once inside the Manacles you will never get free again." Only one captain, John Bull, of the packet *Marlborough*, ever got free, and he went inside purposely to lure a French frigate, which was pursuing



Photo Matthews, Philadelphia.

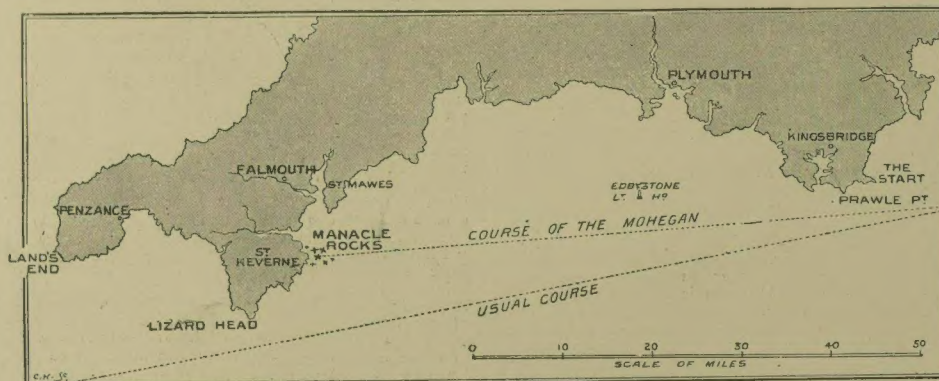
THE LATE ERNEST COLE, SECOND OFFICER.

him, to its doom. The Frenchman followed, and was lost. Some time ago Mr. Passmore Edwards wished to erect a lighthouse on the reef, but after discussion the proposal was abandoned. On another page we give a detailed account of the shipwreck, in which 103 lives were lost.



Photo A. W. T. Channell.

THE MANACLE BELL BUOY.



WHERE THE DISASTER OCCURRED.

The above map shows the erroneous course steered by the "*Mohegan*," also the usual course by which vessels after passing the Eddystone Lighthouse clear the Lizard. How Captain Griffith was deluded will never be known. All that is certain is that instead of steering west-south-west, the course must have been west by north, which threw the vessel directly upon the Manacles.



From a Photograph by Major and Barker, Falmouth.

THE WRECKED VESSEL, LOOKING LANDWARDS.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ACCOUNT TO SETTLE.

It was dusk when Harewood returned to the Rue d'Ypres. He stood a moment on the steps of the bird-store, looking out over the country beyond the city wall. Pale stars glimmered through the veil of dun-coloured mist; beneath stretched the shadowy valley of the Seine, dim under its low ramparts of surrounding hills. In the north-west a pale streak traced the sweep of the river; farther still a point of white fire, brilliant as a star of the first magnitude, flashed and scintillated on the horizon. It was the new electric light on the great fortress of Mont Valérien.

As Harewood stood there, feeling for his keys and absently watching the signal-lanterns hoisted above the Porte Rouge, spots of incandescent vermilion and sapphire in the deepening twilight, the door behind him unclosed, and Hildé glided out.

"Good evening," he said, turning instantly; "I suppose I am late for dinner."

The girl closed the door behind her noiselessly, returning his greeting with a troubled smile. "I heard your keys jingle; I thought it was you. No, you are not late; Monsieur Bourke has not yet returned from the city. I—I have something to ask of you. May I?"

"Of course," he answered; and again that sudden warmth touched him at the confidence implied in her eyes and voice—a confidence he felt he deserved so little.

"Not here, then," she said, lowering her voice; "they may interrupt us." As she spoke she stepped across the pavement, and he followed, wondering at the suppressed anxiety in her voice.

A breeze blew over the ramparts opposite; together they mounted the gentle slope where, against the sky, each separate blade of grass stood out trembling in the freshening wind. On the summit of the glacis they hesitated, then, by a common impulse, they moved on along the path together, side by side, under the million stars. He waited for her to speak; her head was turned away toward the vast stretch of country in the south, where, over the valley, a haze of sombre smoke hung, touched with a dull colour.

"They are trying to burn the forest of Thiais; you can see the smoke," he said. "They can't do it; the wood is too green. It's a little late in the day now to think of clearing away the forests from the military zone; they should have begun a month ago. Look at the Meudon woods; there's cover enough there for the whole Prussian army. The Engineers and Sappers have been trying to burn it for a week past; now they are at it with axes. They might as well try to ditch the redoubts with pen-knives. What a muddle-headed people!"

"You forget," said Hildé, "that they are my people." She spoke so sweetly that the rebuke struck him with added force.

"I did forget," he said. "Forgive me." They turned again, retracing their steps along the narrow path, half overgrown with long grass.

"You are quite thoughtless," said Hildé. "I forgive you."

The words were simple enough, and yet to him they meant more than the mere condoning of a tactless remark. There was something almost intimate in the words *you are thoughtless*—something that was new to him and to Hildé, a reversal of their relations, a tacit assumption of a situation as old as the beginning of creation, the mystery of an awakening, the enigma of life, the way of a man with a maid. "Yes, I was thoughtless," he repeated, lingering over the words that alternately thrilled and troubled him, vaguely aware of the subtle

metemorphosis that was taking place before his eyes, the unconscious awakening of a child to womanhood. The assumption of the right to chasten and forgive is a maid's first step in love.

"Tell me," he said, "what it is that troubles you."

They were standing still, looking off over the valley, the night-breeze blowing in their faces, bringing with it a faint aromatic odour of burning beech-wood.

"It is that I wish to ask your advice, Monsieur," she answered seriously. "Do you remember once I told you



"Go!" he whispered with white lips; "if you don't go I'll kill you!"

how two Germans who had rented an apartment from my uncle left without paying, after his death, a year ago? Well, they have returned."

"Returned!" repeated Harewood angrily.

"Yes, to-night. They have offered to pay us what they owed my uncle. It is not very much, Monsieur Harewood, but it—it is of some importance to us." She continued with sensitive reserve: "At present our means do not permit us to refuse, and yet—and yet—we do not like these Germans, Yolette and I."

"That is no reason for not insisting on what is justly due to you," said Harewood.

"That is true, Monsieur," she answered simply; "but that is not all. These men offer to pay us, but only on condition that we allow them to rent from us another apartment."

"What!" exclaimed Harewood, growing red in the face.

"This," continued the girl, "we do not wish to do, although the three rooms under the roof are quite comfortable. But, you see, these men are not what Yolette and I care to meet. Even when my uncle was alive, and Yolette and I came back from the convent at Christmas, they—they were at times a little rude with their attentions. Yolette and I were very glad when they left, even without paying anything at all."

"Do you want my advice?" asked Harewood brusquely.

"If you do not mind, Monsieur Harewood."

"Then let us go back to the house, for I wish your sister also to hear what I have to say."

"But—but—the two Germans are there now, trying to persuade Yolette."

Harewood's eyes changed in a second and a white pinched look came about his mouth; then his whole face lighted up with a smile so charming, so perfectly winning, that Hildé's troubled gaze cleared and she involuntarily stepped closer to him. It was seldom that this expression came into Harewood's face, this absolute command of a sudden rage so frightful that it whitened and sharpened every feature, only to be followed by a smile that would have disarmed the devil himself. Bourke had seen it once when Harewood's little fox-terrier was wantonly clubbed to death by a peasant in Saarbrück; the peasant was probably still in the hospital. "Come," he said pleasantly, "perhaps we can arrange this affair very easily. Why, there is Bourke now, going up the steps!" He called to his comrade: "Wait, Bourke, I want to see you a moment! Is that a riding-whip you have there?"

Bourke looked at them sharply as they came across the street, but he bowed gaily to Hildé and opened the door. "Riding-whip," he repeated, "here is one. I've sold the horses. Are you going to ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross, my son?" He stopped suddenly with a narrow glance at Harewood's placid face. It was too placid, and Bourke knew it. "What's the trouble?" he asked bluntly.

"Nothing much," answered Harewood, and led the way into the parlour.

As they entered without knocking, Yolette rose hastily from a chair at the table and came to them; and at the same moment two men, lounging on the sofa, looked up angrily. The men were Speyer and Stauffer.

"Monsieur Bourke," said Yolette, resolutely controlling her voice, "it is fortunate you have come; I—I could not stay in this room another moment!"

Before Bourke could understand, Harewood said quietly: "Mademoiselle, it is all arranged. Will you step into the office and write a receipt?" His eyes told Hildé to go too; she obeyed, with a frightened glance at his face, which was still smiling but white as a sheet.

Speyer had risen; Stauffer also stood up, close beside Speyer. When the latter began to speak Harewood turned and looked at him, and he stopped short. "Bourke," said Harewood in even tones, "would you mind stepping into the office and bringing me the receipt?"

Bourke's sombre puzzled eyes rested on Speyer for a second, then he turned on his heel and left the room.

"What do you mean by this?" blustered Speyer.

"By what?" asked Harewood without emotion.

There was no answer; Stauffer instinctively took a step towards the door, then paused as he met Harewood's eyes. At that moment Bourke re-entered the room, holding a sheet of stamped paper in his hand. He laid it on the table before Speyer, but said nothing. After a silence Stauffer's weak face expanded into a smile, and he picked up the paper with a pitiful little swagger. Then he laid a few gold coins on the table, piling one on the other in affected jocularly. "Will Mr. Harewood do me the honour of counting them?" he said, sauntering toward the door. Harewood stopped him with a gesture. Speyer, glowering across the table, watched the counting of the coins. When Harewood finished he stepped back a pace.

"Get out."

"No!"

"Get out," he said gently. Stauffer slipped past the table at once; Speyer hesitated, sneering, fairly weak with rage, then turned and walked out; followed closely by Harewood. At the door Stauffer began to laugh, and his forced mirth seemed to sting Speyer into madness. He turned, as he reached the pavement; Hildé's name was on his lips, but Harewood lashed him across the mouth with his riding-whip. "Go!" he whispered with white lips;

"if you don't go I'll kill you! Can't you understand? I'll kill you if you don't go." He flung him out into the street, and walked slowly back to the house, closing the door very softly behind him. In the hall he met Bourke, and answered his inquiries with a shrug.

"Nice pair," commented Bourke. "Yolette is crying; do you suppose they said anything blackguardly to her?"

"Probably; it's well we came back when we did. Is dinner ready, Cecil?"

They knocked at the dining-room door and entered. Yolette smiled at them. "It was very silly to cry," she said seditiously, seating herself at the table.

Bourke, not knowing what to answer, sat down gravely and looked at the lioness; and Schéhérazade, who had taken a great fancy to Harewood, stole round to his chair and stood there, looking up with luminous eyes, while her lithe tail gently waved in the air.

"Some day," said Bourke, "she'll take a fancy to me, and we shall be inseparable."

His half-serious, half-pretended suspicions as to Schéhérazade's intentions always delighted Yolette and Hildé. They loved to hear him call the lioness a living tomb, and wish that his bones might have a quieter grave.

"He's insulting you again," cried Hildé, dragging the lioness across to her own chair; "as if my Schéhérazade would eat anything she shouldn't! Hear her purr, the darling! I do believe, Monsieur Bourke, that you are really afraid."

"I am," said Bourke. "So's Harewood; fright keeps him speechless."

Hildé raised her dark eyes to Harewood's. "Is that true, Monsieur?"

Harewood brightened and laughed, nodding across the table; but Hildé's face, always a little grave and sensitive, even in her mirth, grew graver and more sensitive. It had changed within a day; something had come into it, too subtle for Harewood to detect, something that escaped even Yolette. The contour of her cheek and neck was still almost childlike; the full scarlet mouth was also a child's mouth; yet already lip and cheek were finer and purer; a softer shadow tinged the eyes, an imperceptible tenderness touched the lips.

"I cannot see," said Bourke honestly, "how your hands can be so white if you and Yolette wash those dinner-things."

"We don't," laughed Hildé; "we only dry our little tea-cups. Red Riding-Hood does the rest. You haven't seen Red Riding-Hood yet? She's the scissors-grinder's child. They live in the Passage de l'Ombre, and they are very, very poor."

"Hildé thought of it first," said Yolette. "The little thing came to the door last winter—oh, so cold and hungry. She comes every noon and evening now. Hildé made her a red cloak and hood. Her father drinks."

"I think," said Hildé, "she may be in the kitchen now. Shall I bring her in?"

Bourke nodded, a trifle embarrassed; he never knew what to say to children. Hildé looked shyly at Harewood, saw that he approved, and then rose and went to the door. "Red Riding-Hood," she called, "are you there, little one? Yes? Then won't you come in?"

There came the clatter of small *sabots* along the tiled passage, and Red Riding-Hood appeared.

Bourke stared at this thin little creature, who stared back at him with a pair of great eyes black as jet. But Harewood, easy with anything that seemed helpless or dependent, held out a strong brown hand, smiling. Children and animals never resisted his smile, and Red Riding-Hood was no exception. She came slowly forward and gave him a thin red hand, never taking her eyes from his, as he bent forward and kissed her. Hildé's face changed; an exquisite tenderness touched her eyes as she looked at Harewood, trying to speak, but could not.

"What is your name? Mine is Harewood," he said. "Mine is Marie Ledoux; but I would rather be called Red Riding-Hood," said the child seriously.

Harewood was quiet and attentive. "Exactly," he said; "and I want you to come to see me. Will you?"

"Yes," said the child, "to-morrow."

"Then will you say good-night to these ladies and gentlemen, Red Riding-Hood?"

The child looked earnestly at him, and then walked to the door. "*Bon soir, Mesdames; bon soir, Messieurs,*" she said gravely, and walked out, her small wooden shoes echoing along the tiles.

"What in the world has tamed our little Red Riding-Hood?" exclaimed Yolette. "Hildé, would you have believed it?"

But Hildé turned away toward the sofa without answering, and laid her cheek against Schéhérazade's head.

"While you're about it, Jim," said Bourke, laughing, "why don't you make friends with Schéhérazade? Even a lioness couldn't resist you."

Hildé clasped the lion's head closer to her breast. "No," she said, without turning; "he need not take everything I love."

CHAPTER VIII.

A PEACEFUL HOUR.

The days and nights of early September in 1870 were like perfect days and nights in June, when soft winds stir and the blue air scintillates under the gemmed rays of the sun.

The mornings were fresh and exquisite, the sunsets gorgeous, the midnight heavens magnificent.

On the afternoon of Sept. 13, the day set by General Trochu for a grand review of the National and Mobile Guards, Bourke, returning from the city, found Harewood writing his weekly synopsis of the situation for the *Boston Tribune*.

"Hullo!" he said, looking up from his desk lazily, "did you forward our despatches, Cecil?"

Bourke nodded and sat down on the bed. Harewood, with his coat off and shirt-sleeves rolled up, relighted his pipe and continued writing. When he had finished, Bourke, lying on the bed, was sleeping lightly, but he woke as Harewood's chair scraped across the floor.

"Tired, Cecil?" asked Harewood.

"A little. I walked from the Arc to the Place de la Bastille."

"Whew!" exclaimed Harewood, "what for—to see the review? Was it worth the trouble?"

"Yes. There's a bit of excitement in the city," yawned Bourke, sitting up, his eyes still puckered by the light, and his hair in disorder. "That review," he continued, "was significant, Jim. I saw three hundred thousand men in line from the Arc to the Place de la Bastille, all bawling the 'Marseillaise,' and all of them nothing but National Guards and Mobiles. They made a great deal of noise."

"Was it impressive?" asked Harewood.

"They made a great deal of noise," repeated Bourke.

"Ah!"

"They are not regulars, of course; I don't know what they can do. It was queer not to see the uniforms everybody expects to see in a review in Paris—the cuirassiers, you know, and the rest. The people are acting foolishly, I think. They're stark mad over the new Republic. They're changing the names of the streets, too; the Rue Bonaparte is now the Rue du Peuple, the Place Royale is the Place des Vosges—oh, the whole business is too childish, too grotesque! Think of wasting time and energy in such foolish occupations, with a couple of hundred thousand German soldiers Heaven knows how close to the gates! Why, Jim, they have even scratched the Imperial 'N' from the bridges and the public buildings, and have painted *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity* over everything. Victor Hugo and Edgar Quinet are dancing *caneons* on the ramparts, hurling odes and lyrics at the Prussians! Think how Moltke must grin! But their crowning madness has just been accomplished; in spite of the Governor of Paris and the Minister of War, they have decreed that all officers of Mobiles shall be elected by their own soldiers. What frightful stupidity!"

"What became of the Mobiles and the National Guard? Gone to the Forts?"

"Some of the Mobiles. The others are scattered; they are to police the city and ramparts. I fancy we'll have a few here soon. To-day the sixty-nine gates of the city and all the railroad tunnels have been closed until the siege ends. They're establishing drawbridges over the moats. I tried to cable that, but the censor cut it out. By the way, eighty odd words of your Tuesday's despatches were cut out too. Don't swear, Jim."

Harewood began to qualify the censor with such energy that Bourke, unable to control his laughter, went into his own room and shut the door.

"Predestined idiot!" muttered Harewood, scowling at his manuscript; "now I suppose he'll also cut this to suit his own degraded intelligence." He shoved back his chair and looked out of the window, sulky, impatient, a little wrathful at Bourke's amusement. For he cared a great deal about his work, and laboured faithfully to write literature. His style, at its best, was simple and honestly direct, often forcible, and sometimes clear. To have a French censor butcher and garble it always made him furious; but he was always able to enjoy the good-natured banter of his comrades when he had cooled down. It was his first service as correspondent in the field, and he learned that there was little romance in it. He learned other things too; he found that electricity had nothing to do with the speed of telegrams, but that their celerity was regulated entirely by the diplomacy and generosity of the sender. He learned when to bribe and when not to, when to use the telegraph and when to use the post, when to see and when to be blind, when to speak and when to remain silent. He found that there were four things which army officers dreaded—bad roads, the War Department, typhus, and war correspondents. They could become habituated to the first three plagues, but it needed the diplomacy of Disraeli to reconcile a general to the infliction of newspaper men. However, when this was once accomplished, half the battle might be considered won; the other half was in reality a duel—a perpetual assault upon a cool, polite, often playful, often sympathising official, who apparently possessed an insatiable thirst for literature, and who took the closest personal interest in the perusal of manuscripts. This official was the dreaded censor. Harewood had easily won half the battle; but what man can affirm that anybody except the censor ever won the other half? Of course it was not difficult to evade censorship for a while, but indiscretion meant not only personal inconvenience, but also ultimate expulsion.

Harewood sat moodily by the window, biting his pipe-stem and staring absently across the fortifications to where, wrapped in a sapphire haze, the valley of the Bièvre lay, green and brilliant under the showered sunshine. To the

cast a dun-coloured vapour hung over Meudon woods; to the south the sun glittered on distant window-panes, dotting the valley with tiny points of fire. Everywhere lay patches of green woods, chequered expanses of yellow grain, stubble, and ploughed ground, squares of paler green where cabbages grew, or blots of sombre verdure marking potato-fields. White spires rose beyond l'Hay; the sparkling roofs of greenhouses clustered along the route to Fontenay; and over all the great warders of the valley loomed, purple through the mist, majestic, mysterious—Fort Ivry, Fort Bicêtre, Fort Montrouge, and Fort Vanves.

Bourke sauntered in presently, with note-book open and pipe lighted. "I forgot to tell you something," he said between his teeth; "I found out that Jules Favre contemplates making overtures to Bismarck. What do you think of that? Rather a tumble after his diplomatic twaddle, eh, Jim?" He took his pipe out of his mouth with a gesture of disgust.

"How did you hear about it?" asked Harewood, intensely interested.

"Now, my son, that's my business, and you needn't

France, with all her faults, has done more for human progress—human liberty—for everything that makes life worth while—than all the other European nations put together. To-day, ay, to-morrow too, Germany might drop out of the world, and the world would never be the worse. But blot out France or England, or your own blessed country, and it would mean something very different. I shall now go and write this out; it's probably invaluable. Much obliged for your attention, Jim." He went away laughing, only to reappear at the door. "Jim, that kid is here. May she come in?"

"Yes," said Harewood listlessly.

A moment later Red Riding-Hood entered, removed her small wooden shoes, and pattered up to him in stockinged feet, saying seriously: "*Bon jour*, Monsieur Harewood; please may I come in?"

"Indeed you may," he said, smiling; "have you come to pay me another little visit?"

Red Riding-Hood shook her head, and stood looking up at him, waiting for the kiss that was, to her, the most important event in her daily life. He laughed and held out his hands; she put both frail arms around his neck and

sin; and it took all Harewood's cleverness to explain to her the difference between *mine* and *thine*. She did comprehend at last, and gave him her promise for future abstaining; and with this was accomplished the moral regeneration of Red Riding-Hood, which, after all, was no very difficult undertaking.

"I came," said Red Riding-Hood, "to tell you several things. Shall I?"

"By all means," replied Harewood anxiously.

"Then I will. The first is that I was perfect in arithmetic; I have already told you that. The other is that Mademoiselle Yvette has gone out; she has gone to the market, I think. The third is that Mademoiselle Hildé is quite alone in the parlour."

Harewood looked at her suddenly, a faint colour under his eyes. "Why do you tell me that, Red Riding-Hood?"

"Because," said the child, "I think she would like to have you come down."

"Did she say so?"

"No."

"Then why do you think so?"

"I don't know," said Red Riding-Hood, looking up



At this moment Yvette appeared with her market-basket over her arm, a picture of amusement.

ask." Harewood laughed and nodded. "My conclusions are," continued Bourke, waving his pipe, "that if he tries to fix up things he will fail, first, because the Parisians will surely repudiate any agreement; secondly, because he can't swallow his own words, and Bismarck won't let him off without the cession of Lorraine at least; thirdly, because I'm convinced that this war is not, as Bismarck says it is, a war against Napoleon, but a war against France and the French, and I tell you, Jim, Germany means to crush France for years to come. Why," he continued, "if all they want is to humiliate and destroy Napoleon and his dynasty, they have done it already; the Emperor is a prisoner in Germany, and the Parisians have chased the poor Empress and her son across the Channel. France is a Republic now. Then why don't King Wilhelm and Bismarck ask for an indemnity and go home to their cabbage-gardens?" Harewood listened attentively but offered no comment. Bourke continued: "Oh no, that isn't what the Germans want; they mean to dominate the country and occupy the place that France held three months ago. There is but one way to do it—to crush France. They're coming here to try it, too. If they succeed it may mean a permanent German federation—perhaps an empire—a Teutonic empire dominating all Eastern Europe. I tell you, Jim, it makes me sick.

raised her face. This solemn rite accomplished, the child sighed and nestled closer to his shoulder. "I have finished the dishes," she explained; "I then played with Schéhérazade. Then I learned my lesson. It was arithmetic; I was perfect."

"Are you sure, Red Riding-Hood?"

"Yes. I repeated it to Mademoiselle Hildé; she said it was quite perfect. I then played with Mehemet Ali, the parrot, who is my friend. I am fond of the parrot."

"Suppose," said Harewood, "that some time you were very, very hungry; would you eat Mehemet Ali?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Why?"

"The parrot is my friend; it would be shameful."

Harewood laughed aloud, and Red Riding-Hood, looking anxiously at him, laughed too—a timid, joyless little laugh, sadder than tears. "You are right," he said; "that would not do at all, would it? We must never aid ourselves at a friend's expense—even a parrot's."

Here ended the lesson, for Harewood found that loyalty and unselfishness were virtues which Red Riding-Hood would never need to learn from him. As for lies, the child apparently had never conceived the idea of telling one. That lesson, too, had ended with a laugh and a kiss. But, alas! appropriating pastry was Red Riding-Hood's besetting

into his face. Harewood put one arm around the child, his eyes absently fixed on hers. After a few moments he said: "Do you love Hildé, Red Riding-Hood?"

"Yes, and you also, Monsieur."

"Me?"

"If you do not mind."

Harewood smiled and said: "I want you to love me too, Red Riding-Hood, and Mademoiselle Yvette, and Monsieur Bourke, and Mademoiselle Hildé best of all. Will you?"

"I don't know," said the child, "whether I love you or Mademoiselle Hildé best. I must think for a day," she continued sedately, "and then I will tell you. Good-bye; I am going to shell peas."

"Good-bye, Red Riding-Hood," said Harewood; "and will you please come again?"

"Yes—to-morrow."

She trotted over to the door, put on her wooden shoes, turned and said, "Adieu, Monsieur Harewood!" and went away downstairs, tap, tap, tap, over the tiles.

Harewood shook out his coat, washed the inkstains from his hands, brushed his hair, settled his necktie, then took a dozen turns up and down the room. Presently he went to Bourke's door and opened it, but that young man was again asleep, his fists doubled up like an infant's and

his face buried in the pillow. Harewood watched him for a moment, preoccupied by his own thoughts, and then turned away down the stairs, stepping softly, not to waken the sleeper.

The door of the parlour was open. Schéhérazade lay on the sofa, with her eyes closed and her tail trailing to the floor; the lioness opened one eye when Harewood entered, but immediately reclosed it when she saw who it was. Harewood had never taken any notice of her, and, therefore, as a self-respecting lioness, she snubbed him. Hildé was not in the room, but he heard her voice not far away, probably in her own bed-room. She was singing to herself as she often did over her needlework—

Of all the Saints in Brittany
Ste. Hildé,
Ste. Hildé,
Is blessed evermore.

He dropped into a chair, smiling at Schéhérazade and listening to Hildé's voice—

*Pachik, pachik, ma fach bihan,
Ken d'he saladin d'he e'hampr
Ha tach d'e'houd ober kompliment!*

"Hildé!" he called suddenly. "*Salud d'ac'h, ma dousig Hildé!*"†

There was a silence, then Hildé's voice came in utter astonishment: "Monsieur Harewood! Who taught you to speak Breton?" The next instant she was at the door, flushed and wondering, her needlework in her hands.

"*Saladin ma dous a diabell!*"‡ he said, laughing; "I learned Breton in Morbihan, Mademoiselle."

"*Hennez zo eun den a galite,*"§ she answered saucily, also laughing. "Who ever would have believed that an American could speak the Breton tongue!"

"I heard you singing about Ste. Hildé and the little page and all that, so I thought I'd like to hear more of it. Could you work just as well here, Mademoiselle, and sing too?"

"I don't know," she said, seating herself and passing her needle through a bit of flannel. She looked up at him once, then dropped her lids and began to sew. After a silence she looked up again, saying: "Yolotte and I are Bretonnes; did you know it?"

"I think I suspected," he replied, smiling.

"Why, Monsieur?"

"Yolotte's eyes—they are the rare Breton blue. Besides, your songs are always Finistère songs, and you know how few French people can speak the Breton language. You and Yolotte often speak it when you are alone together."

She watched him shyly, a little indignant that he knew so much more than she could have suspected. "Really," she said, "it would be only just if I understood English, when you and Monsieur Bourke talk together so rapidly—*tr-r-r-r! c-r-r-r!*—in your English tongue. I am displeased, Monsieur; I shall talk no more Breton with Yolotte."

"Will you sing something in Breton for me if I sing you a beautiful little English song, Hildé?"

Hildé laughed outright. "Yes, if you sing first."

"Here goes, then! It's a song I am very fond of." And he began to drone out "Jim Crow."

"Horrid!" cried Hildé, putting both hands over her ears; "how can you make such sounds, like June beetles around a candle!"

"Isn't it pretty?" demanded Harewood, a little disconcerted. He had not much voice, but he was fond of music and proportionately soulful when he sang. "Jim Crow" being his favourite, and also his limit. He had sung it with an enthusiasm that set Hildé's nerves on edge.

"Anyway," he said, "it isn't as ding-dong as the French songs—

*Henriette était fille
D'un baron de renom;
D'une illustre famille
Était le beau Damon;
Il était fait au tour,
Elle était jeune et belle
Et d'un parfait amour
Ils étaient le modèle.*

I don't know anything to compare with that for imbecility," he added.

Hildé was laughing so gaily that Schéhérazade woke up, cast a reproachful glance at them both, and slouched

off into the garden. This made her laugh the more, and Harewood, catching the infection, laughed too, not knowing exactly why.

"We are very ridiculous," said the girl, gathering up her needlework. Her cheeks were aglow with delicate colour, her eyes brilliant and dancing with mirth. After a while, the sudden soberness which always follows laughter came upon them; Hildé resumed her sewing, while Harewood leaned back in his chair watching her wistfully. Dreaming there in the silent room where bars of sunlight lay across the carpet and drowsy flies buzzed along the window-panes, there came to them a sense of peace—of stillness, of desire fulfilled, of something they had never before known nor even wished for.

She began speaking to him quite naturally, indolently occupied with her needle, now and then raising her head to look at him, resting her clear eyes on his with confidence. Such moments are rare in life; but they come to all at times when everything seems but the continuance of familiar conditions, long established—an unchanging order, pleasant, even in tenor, without trouble and without desire. She told him of the convent, of the death of her uncle, of her hopes, her fears. She spoke of Brittany, of Carhaix, of the Pardon of the Birds, and of Ste. Anne d'Auray. She painted for him, in quaint phrases, the Chapel of Morlaix, the coast of Gildas, the Icelanders, and the blessing of the fleet. All the pathos and the mystery of the Bretonne was in her eyes and voice as she paused in her sewing and intoned for him the Vespers of Ste. Gildas, "*Oh Vierge glorieuse Marie!*" until he seemed to hear the sea-bells tolling off the cliffs and the long coast-swell, washing, rocking, washing, where the surf curls in a flurry of settling silver sands.

said, "the dinner will be nice, even without pigeons." She turned toward the kitchen, but paused. "Oh, I forgot," she continued, "to tell you; the soldiers are marching into the Prince Murat Barracks, and a company of sailors have brought a cannon and are mounting it on top of the ramparts across the street."

"If they fire, it will break every window in the house, won't it?" exclaimed Hildé in consternation.

Harewood frowned and moved towards the door.

"Hark!" said Yolotte; "the people are cheering outside. I can hear the drums in the barracks; can't you? Hildé, where are you going?"

Hildé had turned to leave the room with Harewood, but now she hesitated, looking at Yolotte with troubled eyes. "If—if they fire the cannon, and it bursts—" she began.

"Of course," said Yolotte gravely; "then why do you go near it?"

Hildé looked blankly at her sister, then sat down and bent swiftly over her sewing. She had not been thinking of her own safety, but of Harewood's; and when she realised that, her cheeks turned scarlet.

(To be continued.)

THE WRECK OF THE "MOHEGAN."

The *Mohegan* (formerly called the *Cleopatra*), a fine cargo and passenger ship belonging to the Atlantic Transport Company, has been wrecked on the Manacles reef, a few miles from Falmouth Harbour. She left the Thames on Thursday afternoon last week, bound for New York, carrying 156 persons on board, of whom fifty-three were saloon passengers. She was light in cargo, and her hull was high

out of the water when, on Friday evening, she sighted the Lizard peninsula. Dusk was setting in, and the dinner-bells rang. The meal had not far advanced when a dull, grating sound was heard, then a crash; and a flight to deck betrayed the situation. The ship, going at full speed, had been run right on to the Manacles reef which juts out from the Cornish coast for nearly two miles, mostly under water. At the southern extremity of the ridge is a bell-buoy, and the safe passage is again a good deal south of this. As a matter of fact, the ship struck the reef on the Varsis rocks, a quarter of a mile within the bell-buoy, and these happen to be particularly bold ones, otherwise the *Mohegan* might have found a channel and gone into a cove near to the little village of Porthoustock, an ancient



THE WRECK OF THE "MOHEGAN": THE MANACLE ROCKS.

"There is something more in Brittany," he said, vaguely uneasy—"something beside the waves and the bell-buoy and the vespers of the sea. At Tréguier they have a *sonn*, called Little Madeleine or Madeleineic—"

"Madelenik," she said, her face lighting up with an imperceptible smile. "It is really a *chansonnette* for the inn. It is very easy, Monsieur, to see where you spent your evenings in Tréguier!"

He laughed, and hummed the dashing chorus until she caught the spirit and joined her clear voice to his; and they sang the *chanson* of Little Madeleine until, between laughter and tears, Hildé sank back, both white hands closing her ears in protest.

At this moment Yolotte appeared, with her market-basket over her arm, a picture of amazement. "What on earth is all this about Little Madeleine?" she cried. "Never—never have I seen such children. Never, never! And, Monsieur, may I ask who taught you my native language?"

Harewood confessed his knowledge; while Hildé, becoming very serious, opened the basket and made a mental invoice of the contents. "Yolotte, you forgot the pigeons!"

"No," said Yolotte, "I did not forget; but really they are a little too dear. The butcher said it was because the Germans were stealing everything in the north. I told him it was nonsense."

"I think," said Harewood, "that things are going to be a little dearer in Paris. Of course, everybody says that we have food enough to last a long time, even if the Germans should blockade the whole Department; but it will make things more expensive, and I only wish to say that you must not be too indulgent to Monsieur Bourke and myself."

Hildé looked up at him without answering; all her shyness had returned with the return of Yolotte. Her sister smiled and glanced at the basket. "I think," she

haunt of smugglers, and now the Life-Boat Station. Signals of distress were shown, and the cries of distress are said to have been borne four miles inland. Ugly rents had been made in the hull, and the intruding waters extinguished the electric-lights, so that the wretched passengers huddled together in darkness on the deck, hoping against hope for some means of deliverance. Only two of the eight or ten life-boats on board were launched before the ship foundered. The crew were cool and courageous, but were inexperienced in the face of so terrible an emergency. Women and children were the first to be saved—that is the one satisfactory thing to be said about the disaster. They filled the first boat, and then a second, which, however, was capsized when the *Mohegan* sank. The first boat-load, happily, was safely transferred to the Porthoustock life-boat, which also saved from the upturned second life-boat a few of the persons who had clung to it for dear life. Twenty-six survivors were thus saved; and then, on a visit to the *Mohegan* itself, with only its masts and funnel above water, sixteen persons were found still clinging to the rigging. These, together with a man named Maule, who was picked up by a Falmouth life-boat tug after being seven hours in the water, complete the tale of the survivors. The parish church of St. Keverne has done duty, not for the first time, as a mortuary, and so have houses at Porthoustock, at Falmouth, and at Coverack; while the greatest sympathy has been shown to the sufferers in the locality and throughout the country. No officer of the ship survives to tell the tale of its destruction, and the error under which it was run on to the rocks by Captain Griffith, a seaman of good experience, must remain among the secrets of the dead. Mr. Couch, the chief officer, was in the company of Maule, the saved cattleman, when he jumped overboard. Couch spoke to him in the water, but not as to the cause of the wreck, which Maule is unable even to conjecture. as the night was clear, and the captain knew the coast.

* Page, page, my little page. Go to her chamber and greet her, greet her with a (pretty) compliment."

† A greeting to you, my dear, sweet Hildé."

‡ I salute my sweet one from afar."

§ This is a great man indeed" (literally, a man of high birth or rank).



Italian Ambassador. Spanish Ambassador. Turkish Ambassador. Russian Ambassador. Lord Salisbury. Persian Minister. Lord Lathom. Princess Aribert of Anhalt. Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Princess Christian. Princess Louise. Duchess of Albany.

THE LATE QUEEN OF DENMARK: MEMORIAL SERVICE IN THE GERMAN CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES'S, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

The Sultan, slow to accept the summary notice to quit Crete, has at last yielded to the demands of the four Powers, and has consented to the withdrawal of the troops within the next fortnight. Even so, to save his dignity, he sought to make terms. Three fortified places he begged to retain, garrisoned sufficiently to protect the Mohammedans and to defend the flag. The Admirals—British, French, Russian, and Italian—alike refused to make definite reservations, although they may later allow some ineffective symbol of Turkish rule to remain in Crete, similar to that in Samos. Meanwhile, the nomination of Prince George of Greece as Governor-General of Crete is said to await only the formal approbation of the Czar, on his return from Livadia. The Prince has the suffrages of all the Powers, who believe him to be exactly fitted for the rôle of ruler; and the President of the Cretan Assembly has issued a proclamation announcing that, thanks to the action of the four Powers, "Crete has been freed from her chains." In Canea, where the damage done by the rioters is revealed in our views of the town, the inhabitants are now normally quiet; and the Northumberland Fusiliers and the Lancashire Fusiliers, recently landed from Egypt and Malta, are ready to take the place of the Turkish regulars as they relinquish, day by day, their patrol of the interior.

The Sultan houses his harem magnificently. His palaces are of great extent; and often, as at the Old Seraglio, the best position is assigned to that portion of the buildings which prisons the motley horde of women he holds in subjection. Clusters of

their less favoured comrades, and with only one governing aspiration—to preserve the charms to which they owe their elevation.

The reports of the improved health of Mr. Ruskin are quite true. He spends his days in perfect peace and full intelligence, but has to be jealously guarded from any excitement, or work, or worry. He plays chess with his old acuteness, and takes walks with his dearest relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn. The latest photograph of him shows him very slightly aged or otherwise changed during the last few years.

There are to be more women at the General Post Office. In the Savings Bank Department women have been employed for years, and are in a majority of about a hundred—some eight hundred women to seven hundred men. In the Postal Order Department over two hundred and fifty women are employed; in the Clearing-house over two hundred, and in the Telegraph Department over a thousand. In fact, the three

Photo Mary Stern, Copenhagen.
PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.



Photo Bert Underwood.
THE DISTURBANCES IN CRETE: RUINS OF THE GREEK SCHOOL, CANEA, FROM THE CHURCH.

miniature palaces and kiosks are set in the midst of gardens, with balls and crescents and pinnacles seen glittering in the sun, and reflected in the Bosphorus. Even where, as in some cases, the architecture is a corruption of styles—what is bad in the East and what is worst in the West, a bit of bastard Renaissance, for instance, tricked out with misfits of minarets—even so, the sky, the atmosphere, and the water combine to make the scene delightful. Within these walls, "infamous with beauty," dwell over a thousand women of all degrees, from the Mother Sultana to the last slave-girl smuggled over from Abyssinia. There are the aunts, the sisters, the daughters of the Sultan, and next to them in dignity the Gheducha—"daughters of felicity"—who are about to become mothers; for even in the Seraglio the dignity of maternity is not denied. Seven of the slaves who have borne children to the Sultan are called his wives; and beyond that number they are called "hanoums," and their children rank among the royal. There are, too, the less established favourites—the odalisks—picked beauties, most usually presented to him by his subjects or his friends; and these, if they find favour with him and bear him children, have the right to special apartments and privileges—their own suite of doctors, slaves, eunuchs, dressmakers, and jewellers, their own banking accounts, their own carriages, and the right to receive their friends and to go out of bounds with discretion, envied by



Photo Bert Underwood.
THE DISTURBANCES IN CRETE: STREET SCENE IN CANEA.

capitals—London, Dublin, and Edinburgh—employ four thousand women altogether in their central offices. That the perfect success of the experiment, as far as it has been tried, should lead to further developments is only natural and just; and the present Postmaster-General has a keen personal interest in the movement for opening new avenues of industry to women.

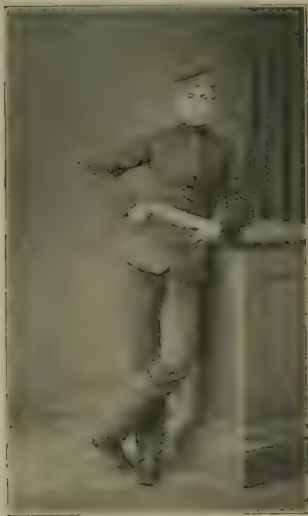
Mr. Arnold-Forster will not, one supposes, lift up his voice and pen in vain against the red-tapeism which is strangling so much of the spontaneous life of the Army. A disabled horse can scarcely be sold without a series of circulars with elaborate numbers and letterings that no man can keep in mind. Mr. Arnold-Forster has authority on his side as a reformer, for so experienced an officer as General Sir William Butler has already declared: "It is in this way that in our service the great array of returns and forms has been produced until, numbers being exhausted, letters and numerals can now only be differentiated by a combination of both; and the bill of the Service stationery has reached an amount equal to about the cost of an infantry brigade." The stationers, at any rate, one supposes, must be amused.

The electric light is not going to be allowed a monopoly of suddenly going out. Bournemouth, on Sunday evening at seven o'clock, was suddenly plunged into darkness by a cessation of its gas-supply. "Spiritual illumination," however brought, could not suffice for the congregations who at that hour were beginning to bend over their prayer-books.



THE ABODE OF THE SULTAN'S HAREM AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Sirdar was, so to say, born in a barrack. That was in 1850. His father, in other words, was a soldier, and of soldiering were the earliest thoughts and dreams of the future Governor-General of the Soudan. The eldest son of Colonel Horatio Kitchener, he was educated at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, not, as has been lately said, at Harrow. But his first impressions were formed in Ireland; and it was on the playground of Crotta House that the Battle of Omdurman was won. Crotta House was the home of the family. It lies near to Tralee on the road to Listowel in County Kerry. The Shannon was the first waterway familiar to the boy who was afterwards to know his Nile so thoroughly; and the bog and hill country all about his childhood's home was not very different in character from that which he was to traverse on the road to glory within sight of the City of Khartoum. At least the delightful roof-outline of Crotta House is shown in the illustration of it as it now is. There is an Elizabethan look about it, which is not so rarely seen in England as it is in Ireland; and the beauty of the chimneys is a reproach to the ugliness of those which surround the Londoner in their millions. The church in which the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army said his first prayers, and to which it would be difficult to assign a date from its architectural features, was built in 1811. Another place which the Sirdar knew in youth was Cossington, in the heart of the rolling landscape



THE SIRDAR AS A CADET.

of Leicestershire, a richly wooded country with little forests, locally called spinneys, and the well-preserved covers of the Quorn Hunt.

A ship on fire at sea is a sight rarely given to a mortal landsman. But Margate was granted the sight on Monday morning, when it saw a large barque ablaze fore and aft, with masts gone by the board. This was the *Blengfell*, of Liverpool, and she stood four miles to the east of the Tongue light-ship. The Margate life-boats at once put off, but



Photo Dally and Son, Tralee.

KILFLYNN CHURCH, WHERE THE SIRDAR ATTENDED AS A BOY.

others had been before them, and the crew was saved and taken to Dover. But the captain and the pilot were killed by the explosion which set the ship burning. It was bound for London from New York, and adds an item to the unusually heavy list of casualties that belong to the past week.

The Duke of Manchester has suddenly found himself a European celebrity. On his return from Australia to England, he paused in Paris, only, he says, to see the art-galleries; and he was amazed to read in a chance newspaper that he was the agent of an Orleanist plot. The origin of the story or its object is alike beyond his comprehension. He is "fond of France," as he tells an interviewer, and is therefore grieved that anyone should believe he "came to Paris otherwise than as tourist and a friend."

Franz Lenbach, the Bavarian painter, who occasionally pays quiet visits to London, is about to add to the splendid gallery of his portraits that of the bonny Queen Wilhelmina in her coronation robes. It takes a good deal to persuade Franz Lenbach to paint a portrait now, and the young Queen must consider it yet another compliment to her beauty that he consents to her as a sitter. The only really international portrait-painter, he has had among his subjects the Emperor William I. of Germany, the Emperor Frederick and his wife, our own Crown Princess, the Queen of Italy, and Pope Leo XIII.; Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Dollinger; Wagner and Bismarck. Franz Lenbach has made a large fortune, but he is as unostentatious as our own Mr. Watts in his manners of life.

Last Saturday, Oct. 15, was observed as Hospital Saturday throughout the Metropolis. Owing to a widely expressed wish, the street collection was abandoned, an alteration not altogether to be regretted, as the practice had its disadvantages. The only pity, of course, is lest an excellent object should suffer pecuniarily by the change. In order to obviate probable loss through lack of street boxes, about 1700 tradesmen agreed to place collecting-boxes in their shops. Last year street collections realised a sum of £3300, a decrease on the previous year, but to counterbalance this workshop collections have been steadily increasing.

The story of the London Crafts Guilds was delightfully told last Saturday evening at Toynbee Hall by Mrs. John Richard Green. The guilds owed their origin, the lecturer said, to the rise of the craftsmen in the towns and to the struggle they had to win

privileges and charters from the old burghers. The first martyr for civic freedom was one William Longbeard, Lord Mayor of London, who was executed about twenty years after the death of Thomas à Becket. In 1242 the unenfranchised craftsmen again asserted their strength, and in the face of the Aldermen elected Thomas FitzThomas as their Mayor. FitzThomas's aim was to heal the breaches that had been created, but his thoroughly democratic policy could be seen in the answer that he gave to the King and Council at St. Paul's, when the City's vows of allegiance were to be renewed. Such vows, he said, should be faithfully kept so long as the King and Council kept their oath of fealty to the City. So the struggle went on, until at length the trades bought their



Photo Dally and Son, Tralee.

CROTTA HOUSE, WHERE THE SIRDAR SPENT HIS BOYHOOD.

freedom by a promise of municipal service. The duties included much of the work of the Town Council of to-day. If the city burghers and Aldermen were to govern the guilds, the craftsmen were to make the laws which they had to obey. This was the final outcome of the two hundred years' war between the City and crafts. It opened a career to all talents and laid the first stones of a policy that has lasted until the present time, and has made our Empire what it is. In Mrs. Green's hands such a subject could not fail of fascinating treatment.

St. Botolph's Parish Church, Bishopsgate, was put into bridal array for the marriage of Mr. Charles Barton with Miss Florence Davies, second daughter of the Lord Mayor of London, Colonel Horatio Davies, M.P. The sanctuary of the otherwise somewhat austere solid fabric became a revel of white blossoms. Pots of flowers strewed the marble floor, the altar was a bed of lilies, and a kind of rood-screen of flowers, surmounted by a floral cross, was erected. The church—which dates from the middle of the last century, when it was rebuilt on a very ancient foundation—was crowded for last week's wedding. The Lord Mayor gave his daughter away; and in the absence of



Photo Russell.

ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, BISHOPSGATE, DECORATED FOR THE WEDDING OF THE LORD MAYOR'S DAUGHTER.

the bridegroom's brother, Captain Barton, with his regiment in India, the best man was his cousin, Mr. Walter Barton. There was a levy of six bridesmaids and two little train-bearers—a boy and a girl. Twelve hundred invitations were issued for the reception held afterwards by the Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House.

LITERATURE

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

John Splendid. By Neil Munro. (William Blackwood and Sons.)
The Journalist. By C. F. Keary. (Methuen and Co.)
An Honourable Estate. By Ella Macmahon. (Hutchinson and Co.)
At Friendly Point. By G. Firth Scott. With illustrations by Stanley L. Woud. (James Bowden.)
In the Cage. By Henry James. (Duckworth and Co.)
Caleb West: Master Diver. By F. Hopkinson Smith. (Constable and Co.)

Many of the Scotch stories in vogue to-day recall a passage in Swift's "Hints for an Essay on Conversation," levelled against Caledonian prolixity: "There are some people who think they sufficiently entertain their company with relating facts of no consequence, and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture, peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable." These uncouth terms and phrases and these circumstantial inanities detract from both the art and the interest of many of the Scotch imitations of Stevenson, and we cannot say that Mr. Neil Munro has kept altogether clear of them in his really fine novel, "John Splendid." Its second title, "The Little Wars of Lorn," suggests the rock on which the story splits, or rather, the sands in which it is lost, since "these wars of kites and crows, flocking and fighting in the air," distract your interest. They are, however, admirably described, while all the characters of the book, and especially that of John Splendid, are excellently drawn.

The sands in which Mr. Keary's brilliant story, "The Journalist," are sometimes lost are the eddying whirls of conflicting conversations. He is so realistic as to give you a composite photographic reproduction of all the talk in a dining or club room, which is always a little confusing and not always intrinsically interesting. Mr. Keary's puns, too, are trying, as they are often poor and sometimes impertinent. Why spoil the closing scene of the story, where the journalist realises his insignificance under the eternal stars, with so bathetic a pun as this? "A turn of thought, and the vision came before him of a different scene—of a German valley, of the drops upon the fir-spikes reflecting ten thousand times the colours of the rainbow and of the turbulent river into which they all run sooner or later. With something of his old love of quibbling with words—'Drops as we are,' Dick said to himself. 'Is it St. Paul, or who is it, who says that we *run*,' not for an earthly crown?" Mr. Keary's novel is assured of an expert and demonstrative audience, since the journalists he paints from life with such exceeding cleverness will not be slow to recognise themselves in his pages, while they must recognise also the singular skill and delicacy of his drawing at once of the characters and of the mutual relations of his hero and heroine.

The relations between the hero and heroine of Miss Ella Macmahon's "An Honourable Estate" are more unintelligible, since you cannot conceive such a girl as Brenda feeling anything but scorn for so feeble, fatuous, and vulgar a lover and husband as the Rev. James Vincent. It is true that the Rev. James redeems his character by an act of heroism in the last chapter, but Brenda had married and endured him long before this unlooked-for act of self-devotion. The inimitable Miss O'Rourke, by a similar piece of heroism, makes a less unexpected, but no less needed reparation to the reader, and we take leave of all the personages with more tolerance than we had endured their company, for Miss Macmahon in this clever novel gives a repellent picture of her countrymen and countrywomen.

Nearly all the personages of Mr. Firth Scott's graphic Australian sketches, "At Friendly Point," are socially repellent, since Friendly Point is an Alsatia for the refuse and refugees of the colony; but they excite your interest and even your sympathy in spite of their ruffianism. The best of these spirited stories are "Rat the Gunner" and "Rat Junior," where Mr. Firth Scott's powers of humour and pathos have freest play.

Only Mr. Henry James would have attempted to interest you in a story made of moonbeams, and only he could have achieved the success he has attained in his picture of a lady-telegraphist's reflected romance. The heroine of "In the Cage" is a sort of Lady of Shalott, whose sole romantic interest in life lies in the messages flashed over the wires between happy but guilty lovers. No doubt she is herself engaged, but engaged to a Mr. Mudge, the most sordid of grocers—"opposite there, behind the counter of which his superior stature, his whiter apron, his more clustering curls, and more present—too present—*he* had been for a couple of years the principal ornament, he had moved to and fro before her as on the small sandal floor of their contracted future." The contrast between her unromantic engagement to the unctuous and sordid Mudge and the romance of her imagination, blown like soap-bubbles out of the merest film of telegrams, is drawn for us as only Mr. Henry James could draw it. Perhaps the contrast between the superlatively subtle style of the book and its prosaic subject obtrudes itself most upon the reader. You wonder again and again what Mr. Mudge himself would make of Mr. James's presentment of his feelings, and even whether the lady-telegraphist, expert though she was in reading the cryptic meaning of the messages she wired, would recognise her own feelings in Mr. James's euphuistic translation. This contrast between style and subject has all the humour of incongruity for the reader.

Mr. Henry James never brings his tale to a good ending—or, for that matter, to an ending at all. And it is a relief to return at times to an old-fashioned novel like "Caleb West," where, if the story does not wind up with wedding-bells, it at least ends "merry as a marriage-bell." Caleb West, an elderly man, is indiscreet enough to marry

a young girl, at the risk, and indeed at the cost, of her straying, when—

Passion as yet unborn,
 And hidden as the music of the moon,
 Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale,

wakes at last in her breast. She elopes with a young fellow she had nursed back to life from imminent death, but had hardly made the miserable mistake when she recognised and repented it, and did all she could to repair it. Caleb, however, is yet more alive to the mistake he had made in marrying so young a girl, and repents even more poignantly the injury he had done her by the mésalliance. Though he is even more wretched than she in the separation, he insists upon its being permanent—wholly for her sake. His devotion finally has its full reward. "Caleb West: Master Diver" is a touching story.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. John Foster Fraser's book, "Round the World on a Bicycle," has been purchased by Messrs. Methuen on terms exceedingly advantageous to the author. The book is to form an interesting experiment in publishing. As a rule, authors publish expensive editions first; the cheaper editions come afterwards—if they come at all. Methuen, however, is to publish "Round the World on a Bicycle" in an edition of 100,000 copies in paper covers at sixpence. In February next there will be a six-shilling edition of the book, with illustrations, and then all copies of the sixpenny issue will be stopped. This is certainly an experiment, and I hope that it will succeed. I have no doubt whatever that the sixpenny book is to be an even greater feature of the future than of the past. The Christmas Number of the *Strand Magazine* will have an illustrated interview with Mr. Fraser.

I feel some diffidence in mentioning the name of the Brontës in this column. The subject is one concerning which many of my friends have long held the opinion that I am qualifying for a strait-waistcoat. When, however, one has to note the appearance of not less than three separate editions of the Brontë novels, one is entitled, perhaps, to chuckle over the fact that there are people almost as mad as oneself. Perhaps it is the publishers who are mad, but I think not. It is more probable that they know their business thoroughly—that every one of these successive editions of the Brontë novels will have a very great popularity.

The first to be published of these editions opens with "Jane Eyre," in two volumes, and comes from Messrs. Downey and Co., of York Street, Covent Garden. A second is announced from the firm of Hodder and Stoughton, with introductions by Dr. Robertson Nicoll. Dr. Nicoll has in his possession four or five interesting fragments by Charlotte Brontë and her sisters, and these will help to glorify his edition—if, indeed, the name of so acute a critic will not alone carry sufficient weight. The third edition is to come from Messrs. Smith and Elder, who have so long owned the copyright of Miss Brontë's books, and who must always command a special audience and a special regard as Miss Brontë's original publishers. Their edition will also have striking features, and introductions by one of the most famous and honoured writers of the day. More I cannot say at present.

The edition of "Jane Eyre" before me is far and away the most handsome that has hitherto been published. The copyright of "Jane Eyre" has been exhausted now for fully ten years and in addition to the appearances in Messrs. Smith and Elder's lists there are a number of others, the prettiest perhaps being that in Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co.'s collection. There has, however, been only one attempt to produce "Jane Eyre" on so fine a scale as in the present edition, but that attempt, in which also the story appeared in two volumes, bound in half-leather, was an utter failure. The book was an ugly one, and it was not followed by any of the other novels, which in itself makes for disaster in the case of any popular author, whom the public prefer to buy in a complete form. The present edition of "Jane Eyre" is, I repeat, by far the most attractive that has yet appeared. It is beautifully printed on good paper. The two volumes are very handsome indeed, and they are to be followed by the complete works of the three sisters.

I have only one complaint to make against Messrs. Downey's edition, and that is of the way it is edited. I cannot profess myself to be among those who resent the intrusion of an editor; it is very much a matter of what that editor does. We resent the pencilled notes on the margin of books which many a subscriber to a circulating library is in the habit of giving us—the "Pelham was a sad-dog" type of criticism upon which Macaulay's advertisement. But Lamb had a good word to say for the marginal notes of S. T. C. There are not, of course, many Coleridges among the editors of our classics, but if in front of a book some small measure of bibliographical information is given, a chronology of the author's published works, and—in the case of the less known writers—even a biography, the editor has surely a great deal to plead for his existence. There are hundreds of busy people who, I imagine, like the easily accessible information that an introduction to the book they are reading affords. When the critic is a Mr. Austin Dobson, a Professor Dowden, or someone of equal faculty, we are glad, further, to have our minds stimulated through the presentation of a "point of view" concerning the book we are reading.

But in Messrs. Downey's edition of the Brontë novels, which is to be called the "Thornton Edition," and which is announced as edited by Temple Scott—a pseudonym, I believe—we have a case of editing which does not justify itself. In the first place, the portrait that is given with the edition, and which is said to be reproduced by permission of the Brown family and Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, is not a genuine one. This portrait, which was long in the possession of Mr. Brown of Blackpool, was nephew of Martha Brown, the old servant at Haworth, is certainly not, as stated, from the brush of J. H. Thompson,

the Yorkshire artist. It is obviously a portrait made up by someone who based it upon Richmond's portrait of Miss Brontë, which was accessible at that time only in Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." The opinion of its origin which I state is that held by Mr. Nicholls, Miss Brontë's husband, and by everyone who has any special knowledge on the subject. So it naturally happened that when the portrait in question was put up to auction in Sotheby's sale-rooms there was no bid for it, although the custodian of the Brontë Museum at Haworth would gladly have bought it had it possessed the slightest title to be considered genuine.

This, however, is not the worst of Mr. Temple Scott's efforts. His editing, apart from the portrait, consists of three notes, and of three notes only. Of the first of these notes, which is a compliment to Mrs. Gaskell and Messrs. Smith and Elder, I have no complaint to make other than that I do not consider the phrase "gifted authoress" a literary one. In the second note, however, we are told that George Henry Lewes was the husband of George Eliot, which he was not; and in the third note we are told that Charlotte Brontë's cancelled preface, "A Word to the Quarterly," was written for the second edition of "Jane Eyre." As a matter of fact, the second edition of "Jane Eyre," containing a preface, bears date Dec. 21, 1847. The *Quarterly* article was not published until December 1847, and Miss Brontë, as her correspondence clearly indicates, did not see it, owing to terrible domestic trouble, for at least a year. It was not till 1849 that she contemplated "A Word to the Quarterly" as an introduction to "Shirley," but was dissuaded by Mr. Williams and her publishers from replying to the ferocious critic, who, we all know now, was Lady Eastlake. As there are only three notes to the book, and neither chronology nor introduction, and as two out of the three notes contain manifest inaccuracies, I think we may all agree that Mr. Temple Scott's editing is somewhat redundant.

Professor Saintsbury states in his new "Short History of English Literature"—not for the first time—that Charlotte Brontë's life has received "disproportionate and even unfortunate attention," a statement which those who have written about Miss Brontë are entitled to consider an impertinence. As well might one say that Professor Saintsbury had given to English literature "unfortunate attention," when it is considered how inadequate is his style and how careless he is about facts. When he made this statement about the Brontës in an earlier work on literature, he accompanied it with no less than three important errors. Now he is content with one. He tells us (page 746) that Miss Brontë could not get "Jane Eyre" published "at first," but that it was "at last" accepted. "Jane Eyre," as a matter of fact, was seen by only one firm of publishers and accepted with heartiness and promptitude.

Meanwhile the Brontë enthusiasm has been long in finding expression through a Birthday Book, although I should imagine that such a compilation would be very popular, especially in Yorkshire. Now we are promised a "Brontë Birthday Book." It will be published in the beginning of December by H. T. Drane. The compiler is Miss M. E. Bradshaw Isherwood, of Marple Hall, Cheshire.

A correspondent writes to me to call my attention to the fact that Dickens did not use the term "our mutual friend" otherwise than as a quotation, and that the only place in which it appears in his book is in the mouth of the illiterate Boffin, the Golden Dustman. My correspondent suggests that he should have used quotation marks on his title-page.

Some time ago, when a London newspaper confused Mr. Justin H. McCarthy with his father, Mr. Justin McCarthy, the author of the "History of Our Own Times," an Irish wag remarked that this was not the first time a Cockney had dropped an *h*. Now I find the same confusion arising in the mind of the very capable London correspondent of the National Press Agency. He announces the fact that Mr. Justin McCarthy is to write a "Short History of the United States." Mr. Justin McCarthy, whose "Reminiscences" will soon be published by Chatto and Windus, is in far too delicate health just now to undertake any labour as formidable, and it is his son, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, who has undertaken to write for Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton a volume bearing that title. I can imagine a "Short History of the United States" being well-nigh as successful as Mr. John Richard Green's book; although, unhappily, as Professor Saintsbury has just shown us, to call a volume a "Short History" does not make it a book to be placed on the same shelf with Green.

Mr. Peter Keary, the editor of the *Royal Magazine*—the first number of which has met with so magnificent a reception—informs me that there is no truth whatever in the suggestions that have been made that either Messrs. Harmsworth, Messrs. W. H. Smith, Messrs. T. B. Browne and Co., or any other of the names that have been mentioned in connection with that magazine have any financial interest in it whatever.

The editors of these popular magazines intended to sell by the million frankly tell us that they care nothing about literature, and that the stories which they publish, if they have a quantity of crude sensation, are the better for not showing certain graces of style which we associate with the best writers. But I cannot help thinking that it would be possible to give their audience sensation plus literary power, and in some cases they could save money by the transaction. For example, there is now no copyright in Edgar Allan Poe's tales. How much better is that tale by Poe entitled "The Pit and the Pendulum" than is "The Clock Face of Schaumburg" by Kirby Draycott which opens the first number of the *Royal Magazine*? In both these stories there is a clock which guides a sword or scythe, and in both a doomed man awaits the moment when the clock shall tick him to his doom. But in the one case we have good writing; in the other the loose composition of which our popular magazines now give us so much. However, the editors of these magazines are wiser in their generation than—

C. K. S.



THE WRECK OF THE "MOHEGAN": VIEW OF THE SUNKEN VESSEL, LOOKING SEAWARD.

From a Sketch by Mr. Lindsay D. Symington.



THE SITUATION AT FASHODA: INCIDENTS OF THE SIRDAR'S LANDING.

From Sketches by an Officer on Board the "Sultan."

T H E S I T U A T I O N A T F A S H O D A .



THE FIRST LANDING AT FASHODA.—WAITING FOR THE SIRDAR: LORD EDWARD CECIL INTRODUCING CAPTAIN KEPPEL, OF THE "SULTAN," TO MAJOR MARCHAND."

FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER ON BOARD THE "SULTAN."

The following interesting descriptive note accompanied the sketch from which our Illustration was taken: There was no indication of any military position in Major Marchand's attire. He was simply dressed as a planter or explorer, in white clothes, with top boots and soft felt wide-awake, with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour pinned on his left breast. Contrary to the usual way French officers wear their hair, Major Marchand dresses it à l'Anglais, shaving his chin, and allowing his whiskers to grow as long as those of the famous Lord Dundreary.

THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO PALESTINE: VIEWS ON THE ROUTE.



KAIPHA.

Photochrome Co., Chromade.



JAFFA, FROM THE HARBOUR.

Photochrome Co., Chromade.



GENERAL VIEW OF JAFFA.

Photochrome Co., Chromade.



BETHLEHEM, FROM THE LATIN CONVENT.

Photo F. Mason & Co., New York.

ART NOTES.

The question which naturally suggests itself after looking round the Autumn Exhibition at the New Gallery is, "What does it mean?" Are the works of "Living Artists of the French School" displayed as foils to Signor Bardini's "Objects of Art," or are the latter gathered here *en route* to Messrs. Christie's, in order to "save the faces" of the French painters? Either solution is possible, but it cannot explain the incongruity of the combined display. To visitors to Florence Signor Bardini's collection has been known for many years, and his taste and judgment have been frequently called into requisition by the officials of the South Kensington Museum—too often, indeed, if we may take the evidence recently given before the House of Commons Committee on the administration of that department. In

fact, one is tempted to ask how it happens that such a bronze as that of "Samson Overthrowing the Philistines," attributed to Benvenuto Cellini (case 162), was not acquired for our collection, rather than scores of inferior works bearing upon the same branch of art. Among the miscellaneous *objets d'art*, which are scattered over the various rooms—the marble busts by Bernini, the Florentine tapestries, and the specimens of Majolica and Gubbio ware will attract the most general notice; but the case of Italian shields of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries will have undoubted charms for the students of heraldry. Signor Bardini also sends a number of pictures, chiefly by early Florentine artists, which for the most part are rather quaint than beautiful. Among these the "Judith" (115), by Botticelli, is the most remarkable, and obviously the owner is so convinced of its genuineness that he has not hesitated to hang beside it a photograph of the generally recognised version of the same figure. As for the works of Lorenzo

Pratese, Mazzuoli, Uccello, and a dozen other Primitives, they are to the general public merely names with which collectors love to conjure.

To give an idea of contemporary French art by means of sixty-two pictures would be a difficult feat, and it is needless to say that the present exhibition does not achieve it. Nevertheless, there are some interesting works, among which M. Benjamin Constant's five portraits are conspicuous. That of M. Hanotaux, the Minister of Foreign Affairs to whose finesse and astuteness our Foreign Office was indebted for plenty of trouble, and not a few discomforts, is the most noteworthy. M. Raphael Collin also shows in some strength; the draughtsmanship of the nude figure "Awakening" (37) is masterful, and the manner in which the flesh-tones are modulated throughout is worthy of study by our fellow-countrymen. Another picture by the same artist, "In the Country" (56), represents a girl in an open doorway, on which the sun is falling in full blaze—a difficult subject cleverly treated. M. Roybet's "Bravo" (19) is so very like a

dozen pictures by the same artist as to suggest mechanical production; but M. Eugène Burnand sends the "Portrait of a Boy" (31), which is at once individual and intelligent.

Among the landscapes M. Henri Rapin's "Autumn" (58) has a pleasant echo of his master's (Corot) evening note, and in the depths of the woods, as on the far-off sun-touched hill-tops, there is a richness of colour, suggested rather than expressed, which raises the picture above the ordinary level. M. Ménard's "Rain at Sea" (6) and M. Demont's "Wreckage" (11) deal with more complex effects of light and air, and M. François Millet's "Watering Place" (41) is a curious instance of a son taking up as a method, or trick, the way in which the father, by inspiration, reached his exquisitely natural results.

products of the two empires. The oldest Chinese specimens date from the Shang dynasty (1783-1131 B.C.), and consequently long antecedent to the introduction of Buddhism into the country. It was, however, nearly three thousand years later, under the Ming dynasty, that Chinese art, then thoroughly Buddhist, attained its highest development, as will be obvious to those who study the case in which the specimens of that period are arranged. The Japanese workers in bronze followed the Chinese, both in point of time and in style, and it was not until the seventeenth century of our era that the Japanese artist Zingoro gave a lasting direction to the work of his countrymen. Whether the splendid figure of the Buddha of Megouro, which is the principal object in the central hall of the Cernuschi Museum, is the work of Zingoro, may be left an

unanswered question; but that it became a sort of ideal among bronze-workers of later generations must be admitted. The acquisition of this huge figure was one of M. Cernuschi's greatest triumphs. It formerly occupied a place in the temple of Megouro, a suburb of Yedo, which had been burned down and was left exposed to the four winds of heaven. The proprietor of the land on which it stood was ready to sell the encumbrance, and promptly made terms with M. Cernuschi; but the population, having heard of the transaction, endeavoured to make the seller cancel his bargain. Their efforts were fruitless, and this unique specimen of Japanese bronze-work is now to be seen in Paris.

Mr. W. B. Tholen, who belongs to the younger school of Dutch artists, is only worthy of a special exhibition from the dealer's point of view, for, however clever his work may be, and that it is so we readily admit, there is little in it which has not been already achieved by Mauve and Maris, and probably by a dozen of their followers and

pupils, whose names are as yet scarcely known beyond the limits of their own country. Nevertheless, the collection at the Goupil Gallery will doubtless stimulate our interest in Mr. Tholen's works, and many persons will be glad to have a specimen on their walls. He is a landscapist of a distinctly high order, with a fine sense of the relations of light and value in a picture; and in his numerous studies of Schevening Woods, his favourite sketching-ground, we recognise glimpses of possible distinction of a more individual type than the majority of his works display. In the masterly picture "Moonlight in the Woods" (16), Mr. Tholen has not scrupled to tell the truth known to all, but seldom recognised by painters, that the moon's rays show only black and white objects, and that the introduction of colour into trees, etc.—because of our knowledge we are aware of its existence—is unwarranted. In certain old text-books on water-colour painting, it is amusing to remember, the student used to be told to "use brown freely" in his moonlight shadows. It should be added that under Mr. Tholen's brush the moonlit woods are not less pictorially attractive than his sunlight scenes.



MY PRISONER.—BY C. AMYOT.

Copyright Franz Hanfstaengl, Munich.

Passers through Paris who may wish some respite from the noise and turmoil of its daily life will find a pleasant retreat in the Museum of Chinese and Japanese Art, bequeathed by M. Henri Cernuschi, thrown open this week to the public. It is composed of specimens of only two branches of Oriental art—porcelain and bronzes—but both are of the highest interest from a historic as well as from an artistic point of view. The collection of porcelain, which occupies the ground-floor of the house in the Avenue Velasquez, is comprehensive rather than extraordinary, and the division between Chinese and Japanese productions is marked by a case of Celadon ware, of which the contents, although brought from Japan, are presumed to be of Chinese origin. The Japanese series commences with specimens of rough Nippon ware, supposed to be the oldest decorated type known, and the most modern are the Imari and Kakiemon products—chiefly made for exportation.

The bronzes are, however, the real feature of the Cernuschi collection. They are also divided into the

INAUGURATION OF A RESTORED TEMPLE IN SIAM.

Photographs by Frank MacCullagh, Bangkok.

THE KING APPROACHING THE TEMPLE IN THE ROYAL BARGE.



THE KING LANDING AT THE TEMPLE.

The King of Siam has recently signalled his interest in the antiquities of his country by restoring Wat Chang, an ancient temple on the banks of the Menam, opposite, or nearly opposite, the royal palace at Bangkok. The renovation of the ancient place of worship aroused considerable interest, and a solemn inauguration was held, which the King attended in state, with his court, the ladies of the harem, and royal guards. His Majesty proceeded by water in his barge to the temple, which was gaily decorated in honour of the occasion. Festivities followed, and boat-racing, of which a view is given among our Illustrations. Siam consists for the most part of the basin of the river Menam and its many tributaries and branches, which form a far extending delta not



AMAZONIAN GUARD OF THE ROYAL HAREM LANDING AT WAT CHANG.

unlike that of Cambodia. The northern part of the country is more or less hilly. Both sides of the Menam river are skirted by terrace-like ranges of densely wooded land, these terraces forming the water-sheds in the direction of the Salwin and Mekhong. The temples are everywhere a conspicuous feature of the country. Some are of great size, covering with their attendant monastic houses as much as from 100 to 150 acres of ground. "Wat" in the vernacular signifies simply "temple." These religious establishments hold very little landed property, but in cases where they have been either built or repaired by the King or by some official dignitary, a small income is provided for them from the revenues of the district.



THE TEMPLE DECORATED: SIAMESE SOLDIERS ON GUARD.



BOAT-RACING IN HONOUR OF THE EVENT.

FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE.—No. X.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

DAWSON CITY.—(Continued.)

A VISIT TO EL Dorado AND BONANZA.

One of the principal difficulties the claims have to contend against up here is the water question. It stands to reason that in the summer small creeks like Bonanza and Eldorado do not contain an unlimited supply of water. Everyone at wash-up time naturally wants all he can get, so the entire creek is taken up by flumes, the new-comer standing but little chance of getting in except by an arrangement with old claim-holders. Of course a lot of water is lost thus, as the flumes have been placed anyhow, till the whole bed of the stream is a complete network of them. In the spring, when the snow melts on the hills and the creeks become roaring torrents, there is, of course, always the risk of all these aqueducts being washed away.

We had a stroll up to Eldorado in the evening, the valley presenting a still busier scene as the older claims were approached. It may be mentioned that claims are not named here as in other countries, but numbered—No. 1 being the one on which the gold on that particular creek was first found; the numbers then run "above" and "below" "Discovery," as it is called. "Discovery claims" are not allowed on any but creek claims, and not on any tributary stream to the parent Discovery creek. On these the numbers start from the mouth of the stream. There are four classes of claims: creek, bench, hill, and quartz. Creek claims are of 250 ft. run, and from rim to rim—that is, bank to bank. Discovery claims are double this. Bench claims are those on the bank above the creek—that is, from the rim—and are considerably larger, being 250 ft. long and 1000 ft. deep, provided the hill does not extend more than 1000 ft. back. In that case hill claims would be staked, these being 250 ft. square. Quartz claims are 1500 ft. by 600 ft.—that is, 1500 ft. along the lode.

Creek claims have prior water-rights on their own claims, but before fixing the flumes this question is generally settled by the inspector acting for the Gold Commissioner. It is usual to work claims from the lower stake and up stream. This is to prevent "tailings" from becoming cumbersome. Bench or hill claims have to use pumps or other methods to get their water. The ground is leased by the Government to the miners for one year certain, subject to all charges by it. As the mining regulations have been frequently changed during the past year, I commend this fact to those intending to prospect in this locality. It may also be added that all disputes are settled by the Gold Commissioner.

The discovery on Bonanza Creek, as already stated, was made in July 1896 by George McCormack, an Irishman, who is known locally as "Siwash George," in consequence of his having married an Indian squaw. He displays a good deal of energy and method in the working of his double claim, which, by the way, is reputed to be very rich and has the only steam-pump in the district to carry water to the sluice-boxes. Above Discovery are the richest claims on Bonanza so far, while all on Eldorado up to 36 appear so far to be the richest discovered in the country. It is, however, invidious to make any distinction, for many outlying places are gradually being proved, as, for instance, Hunker, Sulphur, Dominion, and French Gulch, which may in their turn yield immense wealth.

The great obstacle to developing at any excessive distance from Dawson, which is practically the base of supplies, is the difficulty and expense of getting provisions out. On French Gulch, for example, they were paying as high as fifty cents per pound to get food packed out to the claims. It wants a very long purse to contend against such charges when a claim is only in the prospective stage, and over and above this the miners have to be paid \$1.50 per hour.

At the junction of Bonanza and Eldorado is a village called Forks, which can boast of the most expensive hotel of its kind I have ever put up in. It is in reality but a bunk-house, somewhat similar to the one I described at Linderman, except that it is log-built and has an upper storey. For the use of a bunk and two blankets for the night they charged \$2, and for all meals \$3.50, and badly cooked and filthily served even at that. In other words, it cost, roughly, £3 per day to stop here, and this without counting drinks, which cost \$1 each. I fancy that even in the historic days of Kimberley these prices could not be equalled.

We were, unfortunately in our visit to Eldorado, for most of the rich claims had just finished their wash-up, and the others were stopped through lack of water. We saw, however, enough to prove to us that the place is teeming (if one can use the word) with gold—for those lucky enough to find it.

On our way back to Dawson we passed a team of pack-horses and men escorted by two policemen on foot. As the animals did not appear to be loaded, I inquired what it meant, and learned that it was gold from a wash-up. Each horse carried about 250 lb. of gold dust in leather bags, which looked quite insignificant, of course, in proportion to their weight.

We had decided to leave the golden city for St. Michael's, at the mouth of the river, by the first steamer going down. It was pretty generally known that it would be a real "treasure-ship," as a large amount of gold was to be sent out, and many successful miners were also going by her. It had immediately occurred to me on learning this, that the journey under such conditions could not fail to be an interesting one, so we went to book our passages. To our no little astonishment, we found the clerk not inclined to take our money. He was not sure there would be room, and asked if we were miners, and a lot of other what appeared to us irrelevant questions. Fortunately, a friend well known in the town introduced us formally, and then the difficulty ended; and for \$300 each we got tickets for the river steamer, and then on to Seattle by ocean liner, connecting at St. Michael's. We afterwards learned the reason of this mystery. In consequence of the enormous quantity of gold being taken by the boats, it had been determined only to sell tickets to persons known to the officials, as rumours had been floating about that a well-organised attempt was to be made to get hold of the precious cargo.

As it was, we were told that no move would be made from St. Michael's till the war news had been ascertained, so as to run no risk of falling into the hands of a Spanish privateer. The boat we were to go down the river in had not yet arrived from her winter quarters, so we had several days to spare yet, and we made full use of them to inspect Dawson thoroughly. It was Sunday when we got back from the creeks, and I was immensely impressed by the manner the day was observed in this rough camp. From midnight on Saturday till midnight on Sunday not a stroke of work is allowed, not a saloon is permitted to open, and no drink whatever may be sold. The result is that this is a day of rest in every sense of the word, and after the hustle and bustle of the week the calm that reigns over the vast camp is very soothing and refreshing.

One morning while strolling around we met an acquaintance who startled us by asking if we had staked out a claim yet. We were taken aback for the moment, as we had never given the subject a thought. However, once started, the idea took root, more especially as the *Hamilton*, the steamer we were to leave on, had not yet arrived. But where could we find a suitable location, since from all accounts everything worth the name was staked out for miles around? Our luck was in the ascendant though, for discussing the subject with a friend, an old-timer who knew the country by heart, he at once said that he thought he could help us if we cared to undertake another trip to Bonanza. This was not particularly tempting, another wearisome walk of thirty-two miles; still, we had nothing to do, and we decided to go. So he gave us a letter to a friend, telling him that if certain claims staked last year, but not recorded, were still without an owner, to put us "on to them." By still further good luck we managed to get the loan of two riding-horses, so made a comparatively easy trip, though it was somewhat fatiguing going at a walking pace the whole day, and having to be continually looking after our steeds. One had to be constantly on one's guard against their slipping or stumbling on the treacherous trail. We spent the night at the hotel at the Forks, and started out early to inspect the ground, which was in a splendid position on the bench close to the creek. It seemed extraordinary such a site could have been overlooked, but probably since all this ground has the reputation of being long since located, no prospector looks here. Having obtained full particulars as to what to do, our task seemed perfectly easy; but we were a bit too sanguine: for, after working hard for over two hours taking difficult measurements and cutting stakes, we discovered that we had located somebody else's ground. A few further instructions, however, put us on the right track, and, aided by our morning's experience, we complied with the requirements of the law and in thoroughly workmanlike style.

We cut and placed the required stakes—i.e., posts about four feet high, with two facets cut on the upper part; then with a long tape-measure, kindly lent us by the friend to whom we had been introduced, we measured out two claims of 250 by 1000 ft. each, placing three posts to mark their front line. On these posts we wrote the necessary inscription—namely, on the facet looking up stream: "I claim 250 ft. up stream for mining purposes, Julius M. Price, No. 50,232, June 21, 1893," and on the facet looking up hill: "I claim 1000 ft. up hill for mining purposes, etc." No stakes are necessary to mark the 1000-ft. line, and as the two claims adjoined, three stakes were, of course, sufficient to mark the front line, the centre one doing duty for two. Although no prospecting had been done on this ground the adjoining properties had been proved and pronounced very rich, while the ground all round contained the finest claims on the creeks; in fact, we were in the very thick of it, so felt we had reason to be satisfied with our morning's work; and, in spite of having blistered our hands with the axe (as might have been expected), all that remained was to pay our \$15 apiece and get the claim duly recorded, and we were the lessees for one year.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC.

The Carl Rosa Season, not exactly in, but as near London as Islington, has been so successful in its own way that we should like to see something more definite done towards the establishment of a regular annual season at a central West-End theatre. Dr. Osmond Carr seems to be convinced that nothing more is wanted than energetic and vigorous personal management, and he appears to be just the man to carry out this particular kind of work successfully. As everybody knows, the Carl Rosa company was never really at its best save when directed by the single brain of a man who knew what he wanted and devoted himself towards the object of getting it. Dr. Carr seems to be just a similar sort of leader, and it is more than likely that under his direction the old spirit and the old self-confidence will be revived. By the way, it would be a sufficiently enlightening and descriptive title if we knew the company as the Carr-Rosa Opera Company for the future.

The interesting negotiations which have resulted in the retirement of Mr. Cowen from the Hallé Concerts at Manchester and the engagement of Dr. Hans Richter in his place have, of course, provoked much comment, and, as was inevitable, a certain amount of indignation. The feeling of the general public, for example, that flocked to the Leeds Festival the other week was one of unmistakable hostility to the new departure of the Manchester committee. There, of course, the question was argued out upon personal terms. It was even in some quarters made a matter of rivalry between England and Germany. When Mr. Cowen appeared on the platform a cheer worthy of the lungs of the Yorkshire choir went up to the roof, and a benevolent old gentleman passing down the hall with a bland smile of triumph, was heard to whisper that this was an example of the British lion crushing the foreigner. He evidently believed from his heart that the Yorkshire cheer of enthusiasm had settled the matter out of hand.

Unfortunately, however, cheering and excitement do not settle such matters out of hand. Whether Mr. Cowen has really been treated badly, it is difficult to say. That, however, was the sentiment of the Leeds people, and there is certainly a superficial case strongly running in Mr. Cowen's favour. Since the death of Sir Charles Hallé, who, of course, was only a very moderately equipped

musician with a semi-genius for the pianoforte, Mr. Cowen has pulled up the slackness which had begun to spread over these well-known concerts, and with excellent results. He has worked with an extreme energy, and though his powers as a conductor are by no means of the highest class, his discrimination in the choice of programmes, his skilful organisation, and his delicate critical faculty have gone far towards rehabilitating the Hallé Concerts in the admiration and appreciation of the everyday outsider. Now that this work has been accomplished, Mr. Cowen is politely requested to pack his portmanteau, and Dr. Richter is called in. That is how the case presents itself to the general public, and from that point of view Mr. Cowen certainly seems to have a grievance.

On the other hand, he cannot be said to have had no fair warning. His application for the renewal of his engagement for the season 1899-1900 was, we understand, point-blank refused, and nobody could fail to perceive the significance of such a step on the part of the committee. Moreover—but here one cannot resist a certain feeling of anger that such a fact should have been made public—the committee denies in an open letter that Mr. Cowen was so successful a conductor as it is claimed that he has been. Whatever the private opinion of the committee may have been on the subject, it is clear that they have no earthly right to express it on this head, for admittedly this is a question of art one way or the other; the excuse of engaging Dr. Richter is that he is the greater artist. That is enough; and the committee is not called upon to pass a criticism either way. Mr. Cowen's artistic position is a matter upon which no body of employers is called upon to give an opinion when issuing a manifesto of defence to the public.

Nevertheless, on the bare grounds of artistic excellence, the Manchester authorities have a sufficient justification in private. There can be no two opinions about Richter's position as a conductor. He clearly stands at the head of the profession, and is everywhere recognised as unsurpassed in his own line of business. Whether it will be worth while, from the financial standpoint, to pay him £1500 for his six months' work, as against Mr. Cowen's £900, is a matter that does not concern the public. The controversy of England versus Germany is, as we say, not settled by a Yorkshire cheer or by a bland-smiling old gentleman, and the fact remains that Manchester is to be congratulated upon securing the services of the most eminent conductor in Europe. Germany wins hands down on the artistic controversy; and it is so rare that art wins the day in this world that, though we may sympathise with Mr. Cowen, who is a genuine artist, it is a matter for jubilation that there is a victory to record for the best sort of art in this case. As a composer, of course, Mr. Cowen is a musician to reckon with very seriously; but composers, *qua* composers, do not count for much in the direction of concerts, and Richter here confessedly takes a supreme place.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It is not thought that Lord Halifax's plan for a Round Table Conference will be carried out. Lord Halifax has suggested names in the *Times*, and chosen as representatives of the High Church party, Archdeacon Hutchings, Canon Body, Canon Newbolt, and Canon Gore, but there is no great response on either side.

The *Record* takes the charge of the Archbishop of Canterbury as a claim for the extreme party to remain in the Church of England. It thinks that this is natural from the Archbishop's Broad Churchism that he should wish to make the Church as wide as possible. It asks, Has not the Archbishop, in his desire for comprehension, brought disruption nearer? The *Church Times* says that the Archbishop, in attempting to please everybody, has pleased nobody. "High Churchmen will feel little satisfaction at being charged with accepting the Lutheran definition of the mode of the Real Presence. . . . To ourselves, one of the most disappointing features of his Grace's charge is his adherence to that antiquated and discredited view that the Supreme Court of Appeal in matters ecclesiastical is the Privy Council. In the particular connection in which he affirmed it, it might serve to silence his Erastian critics; but it is otherwise deplorable, as it hopelessly weakens the claims of the Bishops upon the obedience of their clergy."

The Albert Hall is to be the place of meeting for the next London Church Congress. There are some misgivings as to whether the speakers can be heard in the building. I remember attending a meeting there when Lord Rosebery was the principal speaker. His rich musical voice was heard without difficulty through the building. The other speakers, however, had to shout, and could not keep the shouting up. Even as it was, they were not heard so well as Lord Rosebery.

Mr. Dolling, speaking amidst familiar surroundings at Portsmouth, has been deploring the "sparse attendance of men at divine service."

At the Bath and Wells Conference Mr. Stuckey Coles, the head of the Pusey House, said that he looked on his teaching about the Holy Communion as carrying with it, as regards adoration, "the consequences of Transubstantiation."

At the Lincoln Diocesan Conference Mr. Green Armitage announced that "all that was Protestant was anti-Scriptural," while another clergyman urged that Churchmen should give Nonconformists "the same treatment as God instructed His prophet to adopt towards Jeroboam, the son of Nebat." The Bishop of Lincoln said that disloyalty should be stopped, and referred to one very sad case he had to deal with during the last two years, where the incumbent in the diocese left his living to join the Church of Rome, and yet refused to resign his living or give any definite explanation of his conduct.

The name of the Archdeacon of Maidstone, the Venerable B. F. Smith, was the second name submitted by the Primate to her Majesty in connection with the Bishopric of Dover.

The Congregationalists held a spirited set of meetings at Halifax. The Chairman's address was on the absorbing subject of Ritualism. He claimed that Nonconformists were bound to see that the compact of the Church with the State was faithfully kept so long as it lasted. V.



FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE.—THE RESULT OF THE YEAR'S "WASH-UP": A SKETCH IN THE BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, DAWSON CITY.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

The Bank is only a canvas-built shanty of the flimsiest description.

SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

We all know what happened when Mr. Pickwick, traversing the village of Cobham in company with Mr. Tupman, came upon the stone showing the sign-manual of Mr. William Bull, for short—Stumps. As it happens, however, our information is derived from an absolutely garbled account written by a young Goth or Vandal in the matter of antiquarian research, who was, moreover, a novelist of genius. And we are all aware that a man like Dickens, dealing uninterruptedly with fiction, is an avowed enemy of truth as revealed by those priceless evidences of the past, inscriptions. It would have been well, perhaps, if that learned body, the British Association, had borne this tendency of certain romancers in mind before they gave such implicit credence to "M. Louis de Bougmont." As it is, and if it can be of the least comfort to them, they may point triumphantly to scientific associations beyond the four seas which were hoaxed in a similar manner, although the perpetrators of those jokes simply acted in a spirit of mischief, and without any other aim than that of making an assembly of grave and reverend seigniors look ridiculous.

Sixty-eight years ago, the archaeologists, cognoscenti, and quinquies of Marseilles were suddenly carried to the highest pitch of excitement by the discovery of a very ancient sarcophagus at St. Jean du Garguier. The discoverer, Signor Marcedati, who, to judge by the letters affixed to his name, must have been a corresponding member of every learned association in Europe, wrote an article in *Le Messager* announcing his find. A single glance at the contribution was sufficient to stamp the writer at once as a consummate authority on the subject he treated. Nevertheless, the next day but one there appeared in a rival paper, *Le Mistral*, a criticism signed Billi, which cast a considerable doubt on the genuineness of the monument in question. Signor Billi, in fact, was evidently determined to emulate Mr. Blotson in the latter's strictures on Mr. Pickwick's discovery.

Signor Marcedati stood, however, manfully to his guns, and penned a second article, quite as learned as the first. It simply had the effect of eliciting a retort from Signor Billi, more critical, more contemptuously sceptical, than the original denial of the antiquarian value of the sarcophagus. For a fortnight or more these polemics went on, increasing in violence, until one morning there could no longer be a doubt in the readers' minds as to the upshot. A challenge had evidently been given and accepted, the seconds had arranged preliminaries, but in spite of all the efforts of the King's Procurator and his agents, the spot where the armed encounter was to take place remained a mystery. Two days later *Le Messager* published an obituary article on Signor Marcedati, accompanied by a speech over his grave, both of which were signed by Signor Neroni, another Italian *savant*. Three weeks went by; another article appeared from the pen of the last-named gentleman announcing that a monument was to be erected in honour of the ill-fated Marcedati at Poggi di Bonzo, and that at a special meeting of the Academy of the Arcades in Rome his eulogium had been pronounced. Thereupon, the Academy of Inscriptions, which is a branch of the Institute of France, sent a deputation to Saint Jean du Garguier, where not a word of the affair was known, where no sarcophagus had ever been discovered, where people had never seen an Italian *savant* named Marcedati, or boasting of any other patronymic. The whole thing was an elaborate mystification, conceived and carried out by the well-known Marseillais *littérateur*, Joseph Méry, the friend of Balzac and Alexandre Dumas.

After that one would have thought that the Paris Academy of Inscriptions would guard against a repetition of such a hoax, but a twelvemonth had scarcely gone by when the world of antiquarians and archaeologists was moved to its foundations once more, this time by an inscription at Montmartre. An enormous block of wood had been unearthed in the narrowest part of the slope leading to the top where now stands the fane of the Sacré Cœur. The inscription ran as follows—

C. H. P. M. I.
N. D. E. A.
N. L. S.

Several meetings were held, and finally one of the foremost members announced his reading of the apparent riddle: "Carmina Homerici et Maronis illustrata nominibus duum et scriptorum arte non exstinguente seculo." I translate as well as I can: "The poems of Homer and Virgil, embellished as they are by the names of leaders and by the art of writers, no length of years will efface." It meant nothing of the kind. It meant "Chemin des Anes" (The Asses' Way), and had been purposely set up by a group of joyous Bohemians of the quarter, then already the playground of the sucking Raphael and Michael Angelo.

Yet, they would not be wise, those antiquarians of the Quai Malaquais. In less than a couple of years another controversy raged over an earthenware platter displaying on its back the letters P O M A N S. Of course, they were unevenly distributed, and one of the *savants* punctuated them as follows: P. O. MAN. S.; and deciphered accordingly: "Publii Ovidii manibus sacris" (To the sacred manes of Publius Ovidius). The inscription showed conclusively that at a remote time France had appreciated the glory of the author of the "Metamorphoses." Unfortunately, the letters merely spelled the name of a manufacturer of crockery, down in Champagne—namely, "Pomans." After this, the story of the small and elegant stone jar inscribed with four letters in relief appears tame. Nevertheless, its discovery gave rise to a great deal of controversy. What else could the four characters, M. J. D. D., mean but "Magni Jovi Decurum Deo"? Alas for the vanity of erudite deciphering! The four letters did not mean "To the great Jove, the god of gods." They meant "Moultre de Jaune de Dijon" (Yellow Mustard of Dijon). So let the British Association take heart for a next try. It is in good company.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

- A W SHAKESPEARE (Great Yarmouth).—The ending is very neat, but not of an uncommon type.
- ADOLPH BOWENFORD.—If Black play 1. R takes B, White can continue by 2. Kt to K 4th or Kt to Q 4th, and there are equally fatal duals in other variations.
- F LARRY (Leamington).—We hope to publish one of your problems at an early date.
- CHEVALIER DEMANDOR.—We have carefully examined your last contributions, but they are so defective that they practically require reconstruction.
- R FRAW (Edinburgh).—It is merely an opinion, and its value depends on the weight of authority behind it.
- ST G (Batham).—We regret we do not know. You might try the hon. sec., City of London Chess Club.
- M D B (Emsworth).—(1) Mason's "Art of Chess" should suit you; H. race (Cox, Breams Buildings, E.C.). (2) British Chess Company, Southampton Row, W.C.
- C W (Sunderby) and G T HICKS.—Much obliged.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2831 and 2832 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chile); of No. 2835 from C. A. M. (Lyon); of No. 2836 from Upendranath Mitra (Chinsurah); of No. 2839 from F. J. Candy (Norwood); and R. Nugent; of No. 2840 from R. Cond. Pryor (Stony Stratford); Horward, John McRobert (Crossgar, County Down); Rev. C. R. Nowell (St. Austell); and R. Nugent; of No. 2841 from Major Nangle (Dublin); F. W. C. (Edinburgh); John McRobert (Crossgar, County Down); Alfred W. Lye (Great Grimsby); and E. G. Boys (Eastbourne).

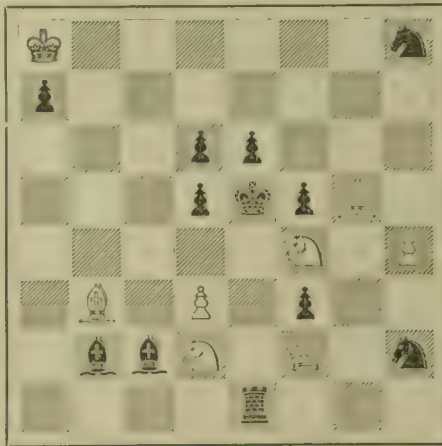
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2842 received from Edith Corser (Reigate); J. Bailey (Newark); E. G. Boys, F. J. Candy (Norwood); Dr. F. St. E. Marshall (Dulwich); M. A. Eyre (Folkstone), Sorrento; Captain Spencer, R. Wortley (Canterbury); H. Le Jeune, I. Desanges, J. D. Tucker (Kilkey), Hermit, W. A. A. Burnard (Uppingham); H. S. Brandreth (Montreux); J. T. Bakenmore (Elghington); P. Hooper (Putney); T. Roberts, T. C. D. (Dublin); Shadforth, Henry Webber (Brixton); George Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham); Thomas Hanning (Leeds); and J. M. Shillington.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2810.—By W. A. CLARK.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to R 7th. Any move
2. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2841.—By H. E. KIDSON.

LEARN.



WHITE. BLACK.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played between Mr. V. L. WATZON, of Manchester, and an Amateur. (Fawns Gambit.)

- | WHITE
(Mr. W.) | BLACK
(Amateur). | WHITE
(Mr. W.) | BLACK
(Amateur). |
|-------------------|---------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 11. Kt takes Q | Kt takes Q |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to K B 3rd | 12. P takes K | K takes B |
| 3. B to B 4th | B to B 4th | 13. Kt to K 5th (ch) | K to K 3rd |
| 4. P to Q K 4th | B takes P | 14. P to B 4th | |
| 5. P to Q B 3rd | B to R 4th | 15. P takes K | K takes B |
| 6. P to Q 4th | P takes P | 16. Kt to K 3rd | |
| 7. Castles | P takes P | 17. Kt to K 5th (ch) | K to K 3rd |
| 8. Q to K 3rd | Q to K 3rd | 18. P to B 4th | |
| 9. P to K 5th | Q to K 3rd | 19. P to B 5th (ch) | K to R 4th |
| 10. Kt takes P | K Kt to K 2nd | 20. P to R 3rd | P to K R 3rd |
| 11. Kt to K 4th | | 21. P to K 4th (ch) | K to R 5th |
- An interesting variation from the beaten track. White generally continues here R to R 3rd.
12. Kt to K 5th. Kt to Q 5th.
13. Black might possibly have risked instead Q takes K P, and could hardly have come worse off than in the actual result.
14. B takes P (ch). K to B sq.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between EDINBURGH and GLASGOW.

(Damen Kiesritzky Gambit.)

- | WHITE
(Edinburgh). | BLACK
(Glasgow). | WHITE
(Edinburgh). | BLACK
(Glasgow). |
|-----------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 17. Kt takes B | P takes K |
| 2. B to B 4th | Kt to K B 3rd | 18. Q to K 3rd | P to Q 4th |
| 3. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt takes P | 19. P takes P | P takes P |
| 4. Kt to Q B 3rd | Kt takes P | 20. P takes B | P takes B |
| 5. Q takes Kt | P to K B 3rd | 21. Q takes B (ch) | K to Kt 3rd |
| 6. Castles | Q to K 2nd | 22. Q to B 4th (ch) | K to B 2nd |
| 7. Kt to K 4th | P to Q 3rd | 23. Q to K 4th (ch) | K to K 3rd |
| 8. Kt to Q 4th | P to Kt 3rd | 24. P to K 2nd | P to Q 4th |
| 9. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 25. Kt to B 2nd (ch) | K to B 2nd |
| 10. Q to B 3rd | K to Q 4th | 26. B to K 6th (ch) | K to Kt 3rd |
| 11. P to K 3rd | | 27. B takes R | K takes P |
| 12. Kt to K 3rd | B to Kt 2nd | 28. Q takes P | Q to Kt 4th |
| 13. Q to R 3rd | | 29. Q takes P | Q takes Q |
| 14. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 30. K to B 2nd | |
| 15. P to K 3rd | K to Q 4th | 31. Q takes P | P to R 3rd |
| 16. P to K 3rd | B to Kt 2nd | 32. R to K 7th (ch) | K to Kt 3rd |
| 17. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 33. R to K 7th (ch) | K to Kt 3rd |
| 18. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 34. R to K 7th | R to B 3rd |
| 19. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 35. R to B 3rd | R to B 3rd |
| 20. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 36. R to B 3rd | R to B 3rd |
| 21. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 37. P to K 4th | Kt to K 6th |
| 22. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 38. P to K 4th | K to B 4th |
| 23. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 39. P to K 4th | K to B 4th |
| 24. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 40. R to K 7th (ch) | Kt to K 7th (ch) |
| 25. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 41. P to K 4th | Kt to B 6th |
| 26. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 42. P to K 4th | Kt to K 3rd |
| 27. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 43. P to K 4th | Kt to K 3rd |
| 28. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 44. P to K 4th | Kt to K 3rd |
| 29. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 45. P to K 4th | Kt to K 3rd |
| 30. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 46. P to K 4th | Kt to K 3rd |
| 31. P to K 4th | B to Kt 2nd | 47. P to K 4th | Kt to K 3rd |
- Black had better have played P to Q 3rd at once. This has to be done later under less favourable conditions. The Queen is not well placed at K 2nd.
11. It appears necessary to develop the Queen's wing, beginning with either Kt to R 3rd or B to Q 2nd. As it happens, Black's Kt came out at move 26 only when the game was lost, and this in a correspondence match of first-rate importance.
9. P to K 4th. B to Kt 2nd.
10. Q to B 3rd. K to Q 4th.
11. P to K 3rd.
- A very strong move, which allows of B to R 3rd, etc. There is also the idea of 12. Kt to K 3rd (ch), B takes Kt; 13. Q takes Kt P, etc.
12. B to K 3rd. P to R 3rd.
13. Q to R 3rd. B to K 2nd.
- After this Black's game would appear hopeless, but there is still some play left and the defence becomes better.
13. Kt to Q sq.
14. Q to Q 3rd. B to Kt 6th.
15. R to Q 2nd. B to Q 4th.
16. P to K 3rd. B to B 4th.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

As was to be expected, the Presidential Address of Sir W. Crookes to the British Association has evoked no little comment and criticism in respect of the passages therein contained which refer to the telepathic and spiritualistic phases of things. One cannot help expressing the regret that the President thought fit to interpolate into a purely scientific oration matters and opinions that decidedly belong to the sphere of pure theory, and to a domain in which the pranks of the trickster and the medium play no unimportant part. A President, in my humble opinion, might just as legitimately air his views on religious matters.

I have been looking up some records of the early days of spiritualism in this country—days in which Sir W. Crookes (then plain Mr. Crookes, F.R.S.) identified himself with the exhibitions of the famous (or infamous) Mr. Daniel Home and other mediums, male and female. The story is very interesting. Spiritualists have conveniently short memories. They forget, or pretend to forget, very rapidly the exposures of the tricksters who delude and gull them, and the next "rogue and vagabond" who appears on the scene with his or her alleged manifestations of a nether world is received with open arms. When a lad, I read the *Quarterly Journal of Science*—edited then, if I mistake not, by Sir W. Crookes—a periodical long since extinct. I was startled by the accounts given by the editor of Mr. Daniel Home's feats in the way of exhibiting what Serjeant Cox and Sir W. Crookes had styled "psychic force"—believed to be a new and hitherto unknown form of energy. Mr. Home, I remember, was said to place his hand or finger-tips on a balance registering the weight it bore, and the balance then went down as if impelled by a pressure far exceeding anything an ordinary human being in a sitting posture was able to exert. The pressure was esteemed to be the result of the mysterious "psychic force." At first Sir W. Crookes was very sceptical about spiritualism, and said so. Later on, he became a convert, and apparently remains so, like Darwin's coadjutor himself, Dr. A. Russel Wallace.

There was a little trick of Mr. Daniel Home's which was made much of by Sir W. Crookes. An accordion was put into a cage under a table. Why under a table, of course, one can only conjecture—namely, that Mr. Daniel Home's conjuring feat could be more easily performed than was possible with the cage and accordion resting on the table. Then as Home held the accordion under the table with one hand, the instrument played tunes—or, at least, made the delectable noise that an accordion is alone capable of producing. Sir W. Crookes, I believe, saw in this trick evidence of psychic force or of some supernatural power. Let us have regard for a moment to this little affair, for it presents itself on a par with most of the jugglery of the mediums. As a scientific man, Sir W. Crookes should have insisted on the accordion being played on the table. He gave Mr. Daniel Home more than any honest conjuror would have demanded in the way of license. The honest prestidigitateur will deceive you in the light. The spiritualistic dodgers always require the dark, or at least conditions that no scientific man, chary of his reputation as an observer of phenomena, could possibly accept.

There were dark séances in these days with the Fay and Cook audiences, and still we find Sir W. Crookes deceived by the ordinary tricks with which every visitor to the Egyptian Hall is ultra-familiar. The past record I have unearthed is simply one of fraud, deception, and treachery. It represents a series of incidents that for the credit of all concerned had better have been left to bury itself in oblivion; but it is a stern duty on the part of those who instruct the public to disinter the facts of the past, for the purpose of protesting against the flood of superstition, that, if the signs of the times are to be credited, is certain to flow in amongst us, encouraged by the recent Association address. Mr. Daniel Home has already been quoted as an example of a spiritualist whose pretensions were examined and approved by Sir W. Crookes. That is to say, under the *imprimatur* of that distinguished physicist, spiritualists to-day still assert a belief in Home's marvellous powers, and the Bristol address has imparted fresh zeal to their belief.

Let us once more hark back to the past, and see what manner of man Mr. Daniel Home was. I will not dive into his earlier career, interesting though the record might be. I will content myself with the story of his last move in London. Home fell in with a Mrs. Jane Lyon, a widow, and having placed himself in communication with the spirit of the departed Lyon—this was in 1866—he elicited the fact that the spirit was desirous that Mrs. Lyon should adopt Daniel as her son. Prior to this, Daniel had suggested that he should replace the spirit as a second husband of the lady; but this alliance not finding favour in Mrs. Lyon's sight, Home cleverly shifted his ground and proposed adoption in place of matrimony. Then the spirit of Lyon directs his widow to give to Daniel funded property equal in value to £24,000; and ultimately a will was made in favour of Home, whereby he assumed the name (and arms) of Lyon, and acquired all the property Mrs. Lyon had bequeathed.

Later on, Mrs. Lyon awakes to a sense of her folly, and an action at law is raised before Vice-Chancellor Giffard. This was in 1868, and Home was compelled to make restitution. The Vice-Chancellor's opinion was that spiritualism "is mischievous nonsense, well calculated on the one hand to delude the vain, the weak, the foolish, and the superstitious; and on the other, to assist the projects of the needy and the adventurer." These are words to be remembered; and especially is the story of Mr. Daniel Home to be borne in mind when we find men and women of any eminence or influence at all posing as solemn believers in manifestations of trickery wrought by such a knave. Huxley's words may also be remembered with advantage: "The only good that I can see in a demonstration of the truth of 'spiritualism' is to furnish an additional argument against suicide. Better live a crossing-sweeper than die and be made to talk twaddle by a 'medium,' hired at a guinea a *séance*."

NELSON'S TEARS SOAP
HAVE BECOME
THE MOST FAMILIAR NAMES
IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

'No Voice however feeble lifted up for Truth Ever Dies.'—Whittier.

HUMAN NOBLENES!

'Every Noble Crown is, and on earth will for ever be, A CROWN OF THORNS.'—T. Carlyle.



PLATO meditating on Immortality before SOCRATES, the BUTTERFLY, SKULL, and POPPY about 400 B.C.

courtesies of war—he spares the woman and the child; but Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity; for some awful but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENTABLE AGONY of MIND and BODY—which exists in England year after year!—Kingsley.

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'HEALTH is the GREATEST of all POSSESSIONS; and 'tis a maxim with me that a **HALE COBBLER** is a **BETTER MAN** than a **SICK KING**.'—Bulwer-Lytton.

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WAR!

O world! O men!

What are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay as if death had but this one gate?—Byron.

'In Life's Play the Player of the Other Side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient, but we also know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake. It's for you to find out WHY YOUR EARS ARE BOXED.'—Huxley.

DESTINY, or to Live for this Day ONLY.

THE COST OF WAR.—'GIVE ME THE MONEY that has been SPENT in WAR and I will PURCHASE EVERY FOOT of LAND upon the Globe; I WILL CLOTHE every MAN, WOMAN, and CHILD in an attire of which KINGS and QUEENS would be proud; I WILL BUILD a SCHOOL-HOUSE on EVERY HILL-SIDE and in every valley over the whole earth; I WILL BUILD an ACADEMY in EVERY TOWN, and endow it, a college in every state, and will fill it with able professors; I WILL CROWN every hill with a PLACE OF WORSHIP consecrated to the promulgation of the GOSPEL OF PEACE; I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference, and the VOICE OF PRAYER and the SONG OF PRAISE should ascend like a UNIVERSAL HOLOCAUST to HEAVEN.'—Richard.

Why All this Toil and Strife? There is Room enough for All.

WHAT IS TEN THOUSAND TIMES

MORE TERRIBLE THAN REVOLUTION OR WAR?

'I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TEN TIMES and TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR—**OUTRAGED NATURE!!!** SHE KILLS AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED OF KILLING TILL SHE HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON HE IS SO SLOW TO LEARN, THAT NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY OBEYING HER. . . . Man has his

she spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity; for some awful but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENTABLE SUFFERING—the

LADIES' PAGE.

Precious stones, serving the double purpose of adornment and an indication of wealth, will always be objects of desire. Despite the poet's aphorism that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most," there probably never yet was a quiet country gentleman's daughter transformed into a lady Teazle without a corresponding metamorphosis in tastes and habits, and a glad exchange of simplicity and flowers for splendour and jewels; for no one can deny that a handsome woman looks her best in full dress and glittering with gems. Then there is the value set upon precious stones in proportion to their rarity, which is quite a different thing from that given them by their intrinsic beauty. Black pearls, for instance, are really *not* beautiful to the impartial eye: they might surely be cast out of lead and polished! yet one of the most costly suites of ornaments in the world is the set of black pearls belonging to the Austrian crown jewels, worth no one knows quite how many thousand pounds; but supposed to be valued at half a million sterling, and restricted by unwritten laws to the adornment of the Empress alone. The late Empress had not worn them for twenty years, and they would, therefore, not have been seen for all that space of

collection which Messrs. Hunt and Roskell have just placed on view at 156, New Bond Street. There is one very superb necklet, forming also a tiara, of an indescribably elaborate yet light design, rich and attractive to the highest degree. Aigrettes are a feature of fashion, because they can be worn on many occasions when a tiara would seem too much, and yet when such magnificent stones are set in these clusters as in the collection under notice, the ornament is almost as effective as a much larger one. One aigrette, with a bow foundation and three slender gold spikes, each supporting a most fiery diamond, backed up by a waving osprey plume, would make the wearer's head cast forth sparkles of light like a halo. Another beautiful and novel aigrette is in the shape of Mercury's wings, with a four-spiked centre of magnificent large stones rising high above; the wings adjustable to any angle. The popular Louis Seize bow is simulated as though in lace, but composed entirely of diamonds, and set upon a comb for either the back or the front of the head.

A novel necklet is in the form of a rope of diamonds, with large tassels to fall down on the bosom by way of pendant; and another has a row of large stones to surround the throat, with three large drop-pieces

the centre and diamonds the cup and top. Jewelled muff-chains, used seldom to suspend anything so ordinary as fur, but for charms of different kinds, or even as watch-chains, are still very popular, and are made closely set with either all diamonds, or emeralds and diamonds, or rubies and diamonds.

A very becoming new three-cornered felt hat is now to be seen in all the best milliners': it does not turn up in front at all, but forms a point right over the centre of the face, whence the sides roll back so that the other two points come at each side of the back of the head. The method of trimming these is with a twist and upright bows composed of those swirls of cut velvet which became familiar in the spring; a number of narrow strips are cut from piece velvet, and twisted together so firmly and so cleverly that the raw edges do not show, and there is thus supplied at once substance and softness. A cluster twisted-velvet bow, pinned up with two large and well-made imitation diamond and pearl pins, and placed just a little to the left-hand side of the three-cornered hat, often forms its sole trimming. Some, however, are also covered with tiny ostrich-feathers with good effect. Light coloured felts of very good quality are used for this design. A grey felt trimmed with a paler shade of grey twirled



A USEFUL VISITING GOWN.



A GOWN AND CAPE OF CLOTH TRIMMED WITH VELVET.

time but that the crown jewels of Austria are shown, when certain formalities have been fulfilled, to foreigners when application is made through their Embassy. Black pearls are so valuable not because of their beauty, but because of their extreme rarity; in like manner, the famous Hope "blue" diamond was of almost fabulous value, though it was no more beautiful than a big sapphire, but it was unique. Turquoises, the Duchess of York's favourite stone, have not the advantage of being either very costly or glittering, but their very beautiful soft blue is so becoming to fair people that their increasing popularity and consequent rise in price is to be understood. Opals are of great beauty, and the Queen has always been a purchaser of them—the finest specimens that come into the market are submitted to her Majesty in the first place—but the silly superstition as to their unluckiness keeps down their value. Fine rubies are equally beautiful and scarce, and so combine both elements of value.

Above all other gems, however, diamonds unite every virtue that a precious stone can have: they are still, when of fine lustre and good colour, incomparably rare and costly; Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has one, quite small, weighing under a carat, but of such rare lustre that she gave a thousand pounds for it. They greatly enhance the brilliance of the wearer's appearance, and they have that pleasant sparkle and glitter which is attractive both to the wearer and the onlooker. The surpassing charms of diamonds are admirably displayed in a manufacturer's

of pearl and diamond clusters falling on the bust. A very pretty ornament is composed of a peacock with his wings outspread, all in diamonds; the top of the wings is a series of remarkably fine stones, and the claws hold one large whole pearl. A few beautiful rubies intermingling with the diamonds in another aigrette almost shook one's admiration for the diamonds alone. Certainly a matchless suite, the *clou* of the whole display, is composed of emeralds and diamonds; some of the emeralds, the one in the centre of the brooch and the one set in a bracelet, are as large as Brazil nuts, and of a beautiful clearness and depth of colour. The necklace is a rather deep festoon row of diamonds, with emerald and diamond drops of large size falling all round.

Many ladies are very fond of earrings, knowing them to be a great addition to the brilliance of the appearance; they will be interested to hear that these ornaments are decidedly coming in again. There are several pairs of earrings in this collection, none of them very large, but unquestionably pendants, and no longer the mere little drops that have been used chiefly to keep the earholes open for the last four or five years. The owners of really fine diamond earrings, indeed, have not ceased wearing them when in full dress, on the same occasion on which they can wear their tiaras; but these are comparatively few occasions, and the smaller earrings now being prepared will be worn in ordinary visiting costume as well as of evenings. The prettiest shapes were of acorns, a whole pearl forming

velvet, and having the crown of the hat covered by four or five tiny grey feathers, was very pretty; and so was another in white felt lined with black, and trimmed with white ostrich-tips and a black twirled-velvet bow. One in a fawn-coloured felt trimmed with nothing but the bow and two large-headed pins, looked as well as the more elaborate ones. The loops, of course, rise considerably above the crown of the hat, and the heads of the pins above that again, apparently holding the loops in place.

A cloth gown and cape, braided and trimmed with velvet, forms the subject of one of our illustrations this week; a chiffon ruche finishes the neck; the hat is velvet, with a rosette and wings for trimming. The other is a useful and very practical visiting-gown, which would look well made in Venetian cloth of the new shade of magenta, relieved by black braid embroidery, with an inter-braiding of narrow silver or mixed tinsel braid.

A novel prize competition has been devised by the new threepenny fashion-paper, the *Ladies' Home*. In every number you will find a coupon. Fill in your name and get ten of your lady friends to do the same, giving at the same time an expression of your opinion of the journal; and you either get a diamond ring or a gold bracelet, or a purse or some other pretty knick-knack. "Everybody wins!" That is the extraordinary part of it; but the proprietors of the journal are sure to have thought the scheme well out. FILOMENA.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1882) of Mr. John Taylor, of Brookdale, Newton Heath, Lancashire, who died on June 23, was proved on Sept. 13 at the Manchester District Registry by Archibald Andrew and William Heap, the executors, the value of the whole of the estate being £319,043 13s. 7d. and the net personal £277,337 15s. 2d. The testator bequeaths his household furniture, carriages and horses, and £3000 per annum to Mrs. Catherine Leng Taylor; and after her death to his child, Annie Taylor. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his daughter, Mabel Newton Taylor.

The will (dated July 3, 1897), with four codicils (dated July 22, Aug. 19 and Dec. 3, 1897, and April 29, 1898), of Mr. Henry Thomas Morton, J.P., of Twizell House, Belford, Cumberland, who died on June 23, was proved at the Newcastle District Registry on Sept. 8 by William Culley Stobart, Thomas Cowper Hincks, and Robert Watson Cooper, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £302,128, and the net personal £160,019. The testator specifically devises his real estate in Northumberland to his cousin, William Culley Stobart, Thomas Knight Culley, Earl Grey, and the Hon. Frederick William Lambton. He bequeaths £500, the furniture and effects, horses and carriages at his residence, such a sum as she will require for the payment of succession duty, and the income of £35,000 to his sister, Mary Susan Morton; £5000 to Jane Darling Leather Culley; £1000 to John Stewart Kilgour; £2000 to Mary Eleanor Culley Hincks; £1000 each to Major Feuton Aylmer and his sister Helen; £1000 each to Charles Hugh Stobart, Henry Temple Stobart, and Major McKean; £300 each to Thomas Cowper Hincks, Robert Watson Cooper, and to each of the children of his late cousin, Matthew Stewart Culley; and other legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. He also bequeaths £500 each to the Newcastle Infirmary, the Sunderland Infirmary, and the Durham County Hospital. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one third thereof to the children of Matthew Stewart Culley, except such son as shall be in possession of Coupland Castle, and one third each to John Stewart Kilgour and Mary Eleanor Culley Hincks.

The will (dated Jan. 29, 1898) of Sir Arthur Chichester, Bart., J.P., D.L., of Youlston, near Barnstaple, Devon, who died on July 13, was proved on Oct. 7 by Major Gerald Chichester and George Chichester, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £106,673, and the net personal £1831. The testator gives and devises the Benton Estate, Bratton Fleming, to his son Henry; the Chelham Estate and a rent charge of £300 per annum to his son George; Woolley Farm and other lands at Sherwill and a rent charge of £400 to his son Orlando, and a rent charge of £400, and the use for life of Sherwill Cottage, to his daughter Norah. He bequeaths the silver jug presented to him by the Royal North Devon Hussars to his son Gerard; the use of Holly Cottage and an annuity of £30 to his butler, William Cooke; legacies and annuities

of £10 to his servants, and his furniture, plate, guns, wines, and dogs to his children. He appoints the unapportioned part of two sums of £10,000 and £10,000, raised for his younger children, as to £500 to his daughter Norah, and the remainder between his sons George and Orlando. The will states that the testator's other children have been already provided for. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Captain Edward Chichester, in command of H.M.S. *Immortalité*.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1898) of Mr. Seth Phillips, of 157, Highbury New Park, who died on Aug. 11, was proved on Oct. 4 by Thomas Richards, Charles Pinnock, and Mrs. Lavinia Phillips, the widow, the executors, the value of the estate being £87,477. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and £200 to his wife; £50 each to his executors, T. Richards and C. Pinnock; and his jewels to his son Claude. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then as to eight twentieths to his son, Claude Llewellyn Phillips, and six twentieths each to his daughters, Rose Hannah Phillips and Florence May Phillips. Should Mrs. Phillips again marry, an annuity of £300 is to be paid to her.

The will (dated Aug. 15, 1891) of Mr. Henry Jackson Torr, of 11, Ladbroke Gardens, Notting Hill, and Bedford Row, solicitor, who died on Aug. 30, was proved on Oct. 6 by Cecil Torr, the brother and sole executor, the value of the estate being £76,918. The testator bequeaths £50 to the Solicitors Benevolent Institution; £100 each to his partners, Mr. Gribble, Mr. Janeway, and Mr. Oddie; his friend, Edward James, and his cousins, Frances Medland Phillips and Henry Harris; £50 to his clerk, E. G. Kirby; and legacies to servants. He gives and devises certain closes of land at Moretonhamstead to his sister, Mrs. Martha Jackson Hillier; and all his other land in Devonshire, £700, and his household furniture, to his brother Cecil; but these gifts to his brother and sister are to be valued, and such a sum given to her as shall make them of equal value. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother and sister.

The will (dated June 29, 1891) of Dr. John Hopkinson, of Holmwood, Wimbledon, and 26, Victoria Street, Westminster, electrical engineer, who was killed on Aug. 27 when mountaineering in the Alps, was proved on Oct. 1 by Mrs. Evelyn Hopkinson, the widow, Alfred Hopkinson, Q.C., of Manchester, the brother, and Bertram Hopkinson, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £74,672. The testator bequeaths £1000 and his household furniture to his wife, and subject thereto the whole of his property is to be held upon trust for her and his children.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1894) of Miss Lucy Cubitt, of 49, Warwick Square, who died on Aug. 23, was proved on Oct. 3 by Lord Ashcombe, the brother, and the Rev. Edgar Francis Bowring, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £53,127. There are some specific

gifts of jewellery and books to members of the family, and the remainder of her furniture and effects at 49, Warwick Square the testatrix bequeaths to her niece, the Hon. Mildred Sophia Talents; 49, Warwick Square and the stables, upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of her said niece; £500 to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Frances Cubitt; an annuity of £200 to Isabella Louisa Chicheley Stevens; and an annuity of £100 to Julia Lyons. She appoints her portion of £40,000 under the will of her late father, Thomas Cubitt, upon trust, for her nephew Edgar Francis Bowring, for life, and then for his children in equal shares. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, as to one fifth, to the said Edgar Francis Bowring, absolutely; and as to the remaining four fifths, upon trust, for him, for life, and then for her nieces Helen Laura Cubitt, Mary Agnes Chichester, Adelaide Laura Talbot Maitland, and Beatrice Hayward Calvert in equal shares.

The will (dated April 24, 1891) of Surgeon-General John Fullarton Beatson, M.D., C.I.E., of 205, Cromwell Mansions, who died on July 29, was proved on Oct. 7 by Mrs. Ellen Mary Ann Beatson, the widow, and Daniel Macataggart, the nephew, the value of the estate being £30,414. The testator bequeaths £300 to his wife, and £100 to Daniel Macataggart. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood. At her death or remarriage he gives an annuity of £250 to his brother, Godfrey Bosville Beatson, and the ultimate residue is to be accumulated for twenty-one years from the testator's death, or until the death of his brother Godfrey, when he bequeaths £500 to his niece Elizabeth Catherine; £1000 each to his nieces Sophia Elizabeth and Tindie Beatson; £250 each to the three sons of his deceased brother, George Stewart Beatson; and £1000 to his sister-in-law, Louisa P. Swinley. His residuary estate is to be divided between his six nieces, Mary Theodora Beatson, Florence Frederica Hamilton Beatson, Elizabeth Mary Stewart Beatson, Katherine Beatson, Mary Mackenzie Beatson, and Hamilton Beatson.

The will and codicil (both dated March 14, 1898) of Mr. Alexander Forrest, of Gleniffer Villa, Heaton Moor, and Holt Town, Manchester, who died on March 16, were proved on Sept. 20 at the Manchester District Registry by James Alexander Mitchell Forrest and Gilbert Campbell Forrest, the sons and executors, the value of the estate being £17,567. Subject to a few legacies, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then between his children. Should she again marry an annuity of £200 is to be paid to her.

The will and codicil of Mr. Irvine Stephen Bulloch, of Sydenham Avenue, Liverpool, who died on July 14 at Colwyn Bay, has been proved at the Liverpool District Registry by Mrs. Ella Sears Bulloch, the widow and sole executrix; the value of the estate being £2100.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1897) of Mr. Charles Locock Webb, Q.C., of the Middle Temple, who died on Aug. 15 at Folkestone, was proved on Oct. 11 by John Wrench

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If the reader desires to leave this page uncut, an Order Form, similar to that above printed, may be obtained upon application to the Publisher of "The Times."

A Table of the Principal Contents of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, and a Pamphlet containing Specimen Pages, Coloured Plates, and Brief Extracts from the Work, will be sent, Post Free, upon application to the Publisher of "The Times."

RESIDENTS in the West End who cannot conveniently visit "The Times" Office may examine, at the establishment of Messrs. Chappell & Co., Pianoforte Manufacturers, 50, New Bond Street, specimen volumes of "The Times" Reprint of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. A sample of the Revolving Bookcase designed for the use of subscribers to the Reprint may also be seen, and Orders for the Volumes and the Bookcases may be given, at that address.

Towne, Charles William Dommett, and John Stanley Towne, the grandson, the executors, the value of the estate being £13,038, and the net personal £6534. The testator bequeaths the silver vase (known as the Hackney Vase) and various illuminated addresses presented to him after contesting the Parliamentary borough of Hackney to his son-in-law, John Wrench Towne; £500 to his son William Beresford Webb; £25 each to his trustees; and a legacy to an old servant. There are also some specific bequests. The residue of his property he gives to his daughters, Agnes Maria Harding and Emma Towne, and his said son-in-law, in equal shares.

The will of Miss Louisa Finch Cumming, of The Cottage, Tunbridge Wells, who died on July 5, has been proved by the Rev. John Young Nicholson and William Henry Cortlandt Mahon, the executors, the value of the estate being £5901.

The will of Mr. Robert Shum Mansel, J.P., of 21, Hartington Place, Eastbourne, and formerly of Elvington Rectory, Yorkshire, who died on Aug. 28, was proved on Oct. 10 by Mrs. Sarah Ann Mansel, and Major Robert Henry Mansel, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £1705.

The will of Mr. Joseph Simpson, J.P., of Romanway, Plumpton, Cumberland, who died on July 6 last, has been proved by Mrs. Jane Simpson, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £5048.

SAXON SPEECH AND RURAL SUPERSTITION.

The School Board, that has raised the English people to the exalted height of reading "Snippets," has not yet swept away local speech and Saxon phraseology.

In many a village still can be heard the language of the seventeenth century, and good old John Smyth, writing in the Berkeley Manuscripts about the year 1639, stated that by such speech they accounted themselves "to beo true patryots, and true preservers of the honored memory of our old forefathers—Gower, Chaucer, Lidgate, Robert de Gloucester, and others of those and former ages," thus proving that the speech of Chaucer and of Wyclif still lingers on the tongue of the English peasant of to-day.

"Thicke and thucke" (for this and that) "rush out with us," he exclaims, "at a breath"; words still in common use in the West Country, as I heard but lately used by a woman who was pointing out to her husband a basket of clothes—he had taken down the wrong one from her cart: "Teunt thie un; 'tis thuo un," a phrase I have often used since wherewith to puzzle the foreign philologist who asserts he understands even English dialect. The final consonants gliding on to the succeeding vowels make the phrase a true puzzle.

Another good exclamation of this type was a sentence used by an old man to a boy: "Goan oldered wur

Georgeis." Quite as puzzling, this, to the untutored ear as any Arabic phrase rolled off by an Egyptian donkey-boy to a casual Nile tourist. And yet it was but the simple command to the boy, who was near a horse, to "Go and hold her head where George is." Simply pronunciation this; no little-used word employed.

Another of John Smyth's sentences to illustrate the Chaucerian speech of his time is: "Ga' as zom of thuck bread." Nowadays the haymaker in the West may be heard to say: "Gie us zom o' thuo bread"; the modern "givo" only is more nearly approached than in the seventeenth century. The errand-boy of to-day in Bristol calls out to his fellows: "Wur bist gehen?" Not far removed, this, from the Saxon speech of our forefathers. And when a man is hungry or faint in Somersetshire, he says: "I do feel main leer"; that is, using the German word *leer* for empty, probably placing his hands on that part of his body that he feels to be leer.

And if these everyday phrases prove how the English peasant—ay, and town lad—cling to the speech of Chaucer, how much more does the superstition of mediæval and earlier times still keep its fast hold in England.

The peasant still believes in being overlooked, and in witches, and in the portent of all sorts of little natural accidents, just as the lady of fashion trembles at her future told by palmistry, and is awestruck at the seer who reads her fate in a crystal sphere. It is very curious and interesting to see how these superstitions and sayings

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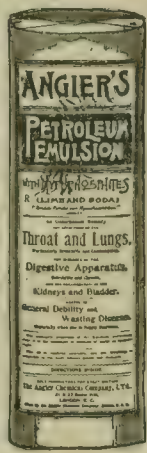
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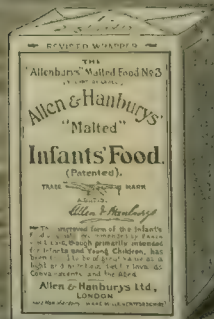
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It is excellent in quality and flavour.
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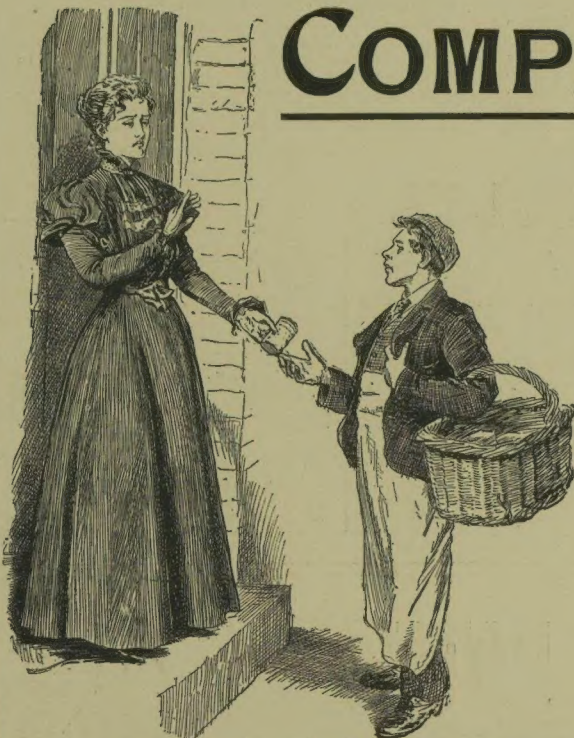
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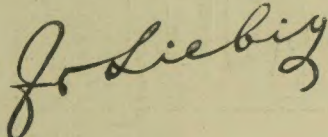
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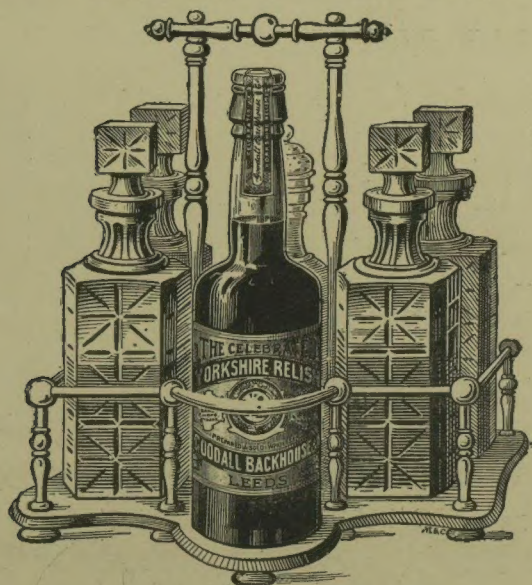
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SPECIAL ATTENTION TO LETTER ORDERS.

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are common to all races. The Russian peasant, according to Pushkin, their great national poet, believes that—

If pussy sits upon the floor,
With velvet paw slow strokes her beard,
A stranger soon will open your door,
A stranger's voice soon will be heard.

And so in Somerset, a cat washing her face is the sign of a stranger coming.

If a Russian peasant sees the half-moon over the left shoulder she trembles with dread at the unknown evil that is surely before her. In the West Country to see the new moon over the left shoulder, and out of window, is "turblil onlucky."

The Russian maid, on seeing a star shoot, pours out all her yearnings, if possible, while yet it is in sight: the Somerset maid does the same thing, always wishing on seeing a shooting star. If a cat looks in at the window, you are going to be "overlooked"—not forgotten, but bewitched. If your nose itches you are to be "kissed, cursed, or vexed, or to shake hands with a fool." How delicately a West-Country maid can give an unwelcome suitor a most unpleasant rebuff, by simply hinting, as she shakes hands with him, that she knew he would come, her nose had been itching so!

The commonest, trivial incidents of everyday life have been turned into old rhymes, and are thoroughly believed in. If your finger but itches, and thoughtlessly you rub it on your knee, why, you have invoked an evil spirit to do you malice; for says not the rhyme on this—

Rub it on wood, sure to come good;
Rub it on linen, sure to come spinnen;
Rub it on brass, sure to come cash;
Rub it on knee, ill it will be.

When the bats are silently darting round the lone farmhouse on a summer's eve the doors and windows are shut, for a bat or a robin coming into the house foretells death; and other portents of death are, a dog howling, or a cock crowing at night, or the death-watch ticking. The magpie is a famous bird of omen, as everyone knows; and hints that a wedding will occur are numerous, the simplest being tumblings up stairs.

To find out the name of your future husband there are numerous charms, especially at Midsummer; just that season after the spring time "when a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." But there is just space for two simple ones, that are easily arranged in a country-house. You must find a pea-pod with nine peas in it. Hang this up over the front door, and the first single man

that comes in afterwards will be your husband. Be careful of the front door, for Hodge the labourer is apt to come in at the back door for the "Kay, Misse, to get a drop o' zydur." The other simple and effective plan to foretell the name of your future spouse is if you find a snail in the cabbage, to put it on a piece of paper and cover it up; and the snail's peregrinations in the night will have written the initials of your husband. This is a very useful method, for you can generally make any initials out of the glistening path of the garden snail.

To put your slippers on the table is a terrible crime, for it foretells a row in the house. But one could wander on about Saxon speech and rural superstition until the whole issue of this Journal was filled, and not merely a column, especially if the interesting study of comparing the superstitions of our own peasantry (ay, and of folk higher than peasants) with those of other races be gone into. J. B.

The Khalifa's black standard will be brought back to England by the Sirdar; but one is not quite sure that public sentiment will assign it a place in the Abbey or St. Paul's. The trophies of war are no longer housed with perfect appropriateness in the temples of peace.

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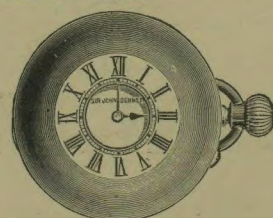
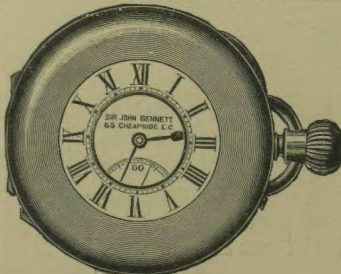
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CHILDREN TEETHING

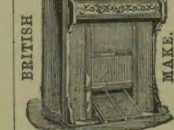
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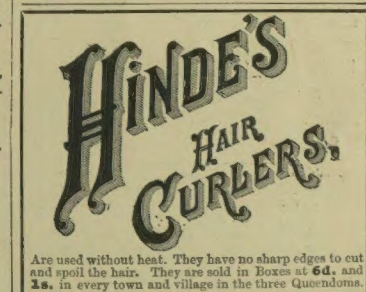
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WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

Will-o'-the-Wisp is not always a masculine spirit: sometimes he wears his rue with a difference, and bearing a woman's face and a woman's figure, he doubles his powers of mischief. Joan-with-the-Wad they call her then, and she is credited with worse malice than merely a wayward desire to lead travellers into deep and boggy places. Two lights wandering together mean only the harmless Will, says a Normandy superstition, and one may even read good omen in their dipping and dancing motion; but a lonely light is "Hélène," and no man looks upon her dancing and remains unchanged in mind and body. Sometimes she strikes him blind, sometimes she does but turn his hair grey, but always some change passes upon him who sees her wandering lamp. In the Altmark they have it that Will-o'-the-Wisp's deluding fires—is not "deluding" the better word for them, by the way?—are the souls of those who die mad and cannot rest for thinking of the lost days of their lives. But they are not malicious, these Light-Men, and if you throw towards them a small silver coin or a rose, they will be able to find rest in their graves, and need wander no more. In Brittany, the Feux Follets

take visible shape in the form of the Porte-Brandon, a child bearing a torch, who runs at midnight through the villages, and sometimes sets fire to a cottage-roof here and there whose inmates have aroused his displeasure by calling after or pointing at him. Always this is a sure method of angering Will-o'-the-Wisp; and even when, as in Holland, he is believed to be the soul of an innocent and unbaptised child, it is thought not lucky to point at him. To be safe from these wandering lights, which are mischievous always and malicious often, you must turn your jacket or your cap inside out.

In some part of the Netherlands kindly folk carry a handful of holy earth about with them to throw after the Feux Follets—the "Restless Children"—for by this means the unbaptised spirits are released from their wanderings and find peace. In Cumberland, Will-o'-the-Wisp is Friar Rush, and a harmless, if a mischievous creature, delighting to lead travellers astray, and send them floundering into bog-holes. In Hampshire he is the Colt Pixy, and a notable enemy to horses sent out to grass. Dank Will and the Spunkie are his Scottish names; and here he has more malevolence, and he is eager to lead folk into rivers and marsh-holes: for all those who are drowned thus

must surrender their souls to the Spunkie, and he is hungry for a large following. There is a Will-o'-the-Wisp that haunts prisons, as every Bucks man knows, and whatever prisoner sets eyes on this uncanny light will sooner or later come to a violent death—

Therefore, defend us from all wandering lights,
And bugs and spirits making day of night—
Making an infamous day, and driving wild
Those that go after them.

Jewels are still the most lightly worn and carelessly carried of valuables. A lady hands her jewel-box to her maid, who gives it to a porter to carry to a carriage—this is a matter of daily occurrence. Yet the jewels may be worth, as in the case of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland's the other day, some £30,000. That is a fortune, and a tenth of the amount, if sent in bullion or coin in the safe city of London, though only to the other side of the street, would be placed in responsible custody, safeguarded, and spied upon. Jewels must, by degrees, be guarded for the precious things they are, and the sooner the better for all concerned.



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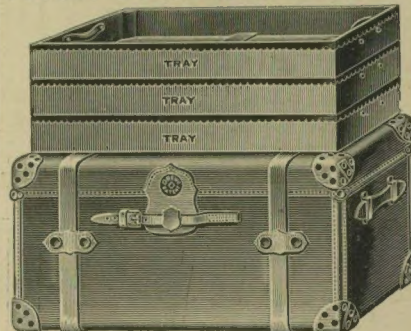
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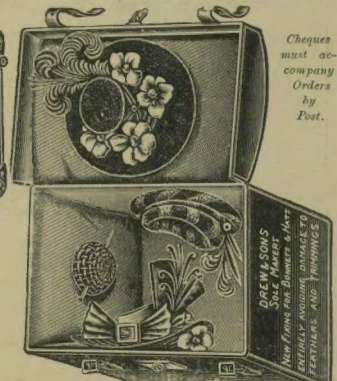
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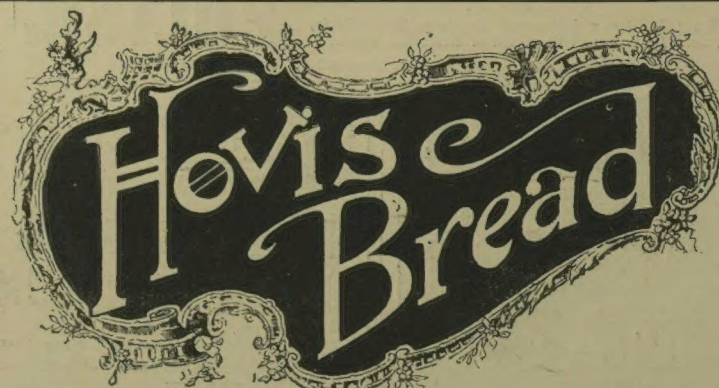
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